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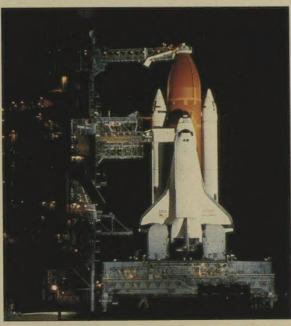
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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS,

Number 7047 Volume 273 October 1985



CHARMS OF CHILCOMBE 84



GERMAN ART AT THE RA 87

A MODERN WONDER OF THE WORLD 55

THE NEW GOLD RUSH. A garimpeiro at work in the Serra Pelada, Brazil. Photograph by Claus C. Meyer.



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HIGHLIGHTS

Tuesday, October 1

The Michaelmas law term begins with ceremonies to mark the beginning of the legal year. After services in Westminster Abbey and Cathedral; High Court judges and leading members of the bar process to the Lord Chancellor's traditional breakfast (now a lunch).

The Labour Party conference continues at Bournemouth (until 4).

Colin Davis conducts the London premières of two operas by Zemlinsky based on works by Oscar Wilde, *A Florentine Tragedy* and *The Birthday of the Infanta*, at the Royal Opera

Friday, October 4

Eight teams compete for the World Athletics Cup at Canberra, Australia (until 6).

Saturday, October 5

82 brass bands compete in the National Brass Band Championships at the Albert Hall. Finals are on Sunday (6) and tickets are available from Boosey & Hawkes, 295 Regent Street, London, W1 (580 2060).

Sunday, October 6

The Horse of the Year Show begins at Wembley Arena with National Show Jumping. The Gala Opening Performance on Monday, October 7, is attended by Princess Anne and the events continue through the week.

Monday, October 7

The Reigate-Leatherhead interchange of the M25 motorway is scheduled to open.

Tuesday, October 8

The Conservative Party conference begins at Blackpool. Armed with a new ministerial team, the Conservatives will be seeking to reassure their supporters that they have not lost their way, nor their will to govern.

First night of the RSC's musical version of Victor Hugo's *Les Misérables*, at the Barbican.

Wednesday, October 9

The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh's Caribbean tour begins in Belize. They also visit Nassau (11-19), St Christopher and Nevis (23), Antigua and Barbuda (24), Dominica (25), St Lucia (26), St Vincent and the Grenadines (27), Barbados (28-29), Grenada (31) and Trinidad and Tobago (November 1-3).

David Bailey's Shots of Style, a selection of great fashion photographs, opens at the Victoria & Albert Museum.

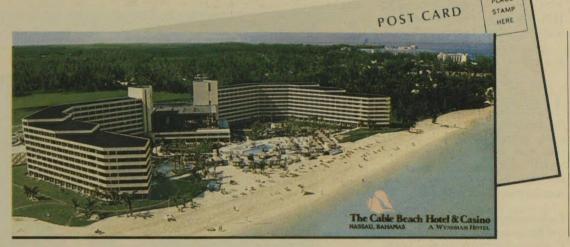
Friday, October 11

Exhibition of German Art in the 20th century opens at the Royal Academy.

The Chelsea Arts Ball is held at the Albert Hall, decorated in the Venetian style for this year's theme of a masked ball. Dress: costume or white tie. Tickets 352 2567.

Saturday, October 12

The World Chess Championship qualifiers'



ctober is the month for conferences. This year the heads of Government of the 47 Commonwealth countries will assemble in the holiday setting of the Cable Beach Hotel in Nassau, capital of the Bahamas, for their biannual meeting, at which the issue of sanctions against South Africa is likely to dominate. In Britain the two main political parties will also be meeting during the month.

tournament opens at Montpellier, France. The 20-year-old British chess grandmaster, Nigel Short, the first Briton to qualify for the tournament, hopes to carry his challenge to the current world champion, Anatoly Karpov, or his successor, Gary Kasparov.

Sunday, October 13

Elections are to be held in Belgium and Poland.

Mrs Thatcher celebrates her 60th birthday

First instalment of the BBC TV serial of Dickens's *Oliver Twist*, with Eric Porter as Fagin and newcomer Ben Rodska as Oliver.

The World Conker Championships are held on the village green at Ashton, near Oundle, Peterborough.

Monday, October 14

The House of Lords reassembles to begin the committee stage of the Transport Bill.

Hastings Castle is open throughout the day to celebrate the anniversary of the battle in 1066

Space shuttle Columbia is scheduled to be launched on a Skylab mission.

New moon rises at 0617 and sets at 1741 (GMT).

Tuesday, October 15

Space shuttle Discovery is scheduled to be launched on a classified mission for the US Defence Department.

Wednesday, October 16

The heads of the Commonwealth nations meet in Nassau.

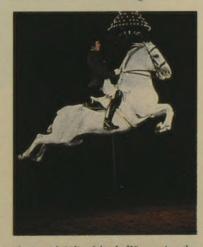
England plays Turkey in the qualifying stages of World Cup soccer.

The controversial BBC documentary "At the Edge of the Union" in the *Real Lives* series, is televised on BBC1 at 9.25pm.

Thursday, October 17

Motorfair '85 opens at Earls Court until 27 (daily 10am-7.30pm, last day closes 5pm).

The new Dunhill three-man team golf tournament between 16 nations begins at St Andrews (until 20). First prize of \$100,000 for each member of the winning team.



The Spanish Riding School of Vienna gives the complete performance of the Classical art of riding as practised at the Imperial Court of Vienna for 400 years. Wembley Arena (902 1234). Also 18-20, 23, 24.

Sunday, October 20

The richest women's indoor tennis event in Europe, the Pretty Polly Classic (ladies international), begins at the Brighton Centre.

Monday, October 21

The House of Commons reassembles with the Industrial Innovation and Design Bill first on the agenda.

Trafalgar Day is marked with a private ceremony on board HMS *Victory* in Portsmouth at which garlands are laid on the spot where Nelson fell. *Victory* is open to the public daily from 10.30am to 5.30pm.

Wednesday, October 23

President Reagan is scheduled to address the general assembly of the United Nations in New York as part of the UN's 40th anniversary celebrations.

New production of Weber's *Oberon*, with libretto by Anthony Burgess, is staged at the Theatre Royal, Glasgow.

Sunday, October 27

Election in Tanzania, following President Julius Nyerere's relinquishment of the office he has held since the country was founded in 1964. His successor is expected to be the ruling party's nominee, Vice President Ali Hassan Mwinyi, President of Zanzibar.

British Summer Time ends—clocks go back one hour. Lighting up time in London is 5.13pm.

Monday, October 28

A total eclipse of the full moon should be visible in Britain between 5.20 and 6.04pm.

Tuesday, October 29

Princess Anne attends the Halley's Comet Royal Gala at the Wembley Conference Centre, 8pm. Entertainment includes songs from 1910, when the comet was last sighted.

Thursday, October 31

Hallowe'en. The last day of the year in the Celtic calendar became the eve of All Hallows after Pope Gregory III (AD 731-741) designated November 1 as the celebration of the consecration of a chapel to all the saints in St Peter's, Rome.

The Wightman Cup (US vGB women's tennis) is held at Williamsburg. Since the competition began in 1923 the Americans have won 46 matches and the British 10.

The winner of the Booker-McConnell Prize for fiction is announced (Channel 4, 8.30pm).

LISTINGS

THE ILN'S SELECTIVE GUIDE TO ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT

ILN ratings

- ** Highly recommended
- ★ Good of its kind
- Not for us

THEATRE

Where applicable, a special telephone number is given for credit card bookings. Details of each theatre are given only on the first occasion it appears in each section. Opening dates where given are first nights. Reduced price previews are usually held.

The Alchemist

Griff Rhys Jones directs a new production of Ben Jonson's play. Until Oct 26. Lyric, King St, W6 (741 2311, cc).

Are You Lonesome Tonight?

Alan Bleasdale's musical play about Elvis Presley. Phoenix, Charing Cross Rd, WC2 (240 9661, cc 836 2294). REVIEW ON PLO4.

Aunt Dan & Lemon

Wallace Shawn's play with Linda Hunt & Kathryn Pogson. Until Oct 5. Royal Court, Sloane Sq. SW1 (730 1745).

As You Like It

Juliet Stevenson's Rosalind overcomes the curiosities of an unexpected production played against a background of superfluous dust-sheets. Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwicks (0789 295623, cc.). REVIEWED JUNE, 1985.

★Barnum

Whether the great American showman was as gymnastic as this we shall never know; but Michael Crawford—who must be in uncommon training—almost persuades us. The musical is a good synopsis of Barnum's weird career. Victoria Palace, Victoria St, SW1 (834 1317, CC). REVIEWED MAY, 1985.

Biography

Alan Strachan directs this revival of S.N. Behrman's comedy, set in New York in 1933. Sheila Gish plays an artist who creates upheaval among the men in her life by the proposed publication of her memoirs. Until Nov 2. Greenwich, Crooms Hill, SE10 (858 7755, cc 853 3800).

★★Breaking the Silence

Stephen Poliakoff's superb play, now on the wide stage of the Mermaid, is based on family memories from the chaos of post-Revolution years in Russia. It is absorbingly theatrical; the acting of Alan Howard & Gemma Jones fortifies it. Mermaid, Puddle Dock, EC4 (236 5568, cc 741 9999). REVIEWED JULY, 1985.

The Business of Murder

Unpretentious thriller that is now entering a fifth year. Richard Harris has written it alertly, & Richard Todd is the principal. May Fair, Stratton St, W1 (629 3036, cc).

Cats

Though nobody has suggested that T. S. Eliot's cat poems are among his master-pieces, Andrew Lloyd Webber uses them with craft as the basis of a musical that goes on



prowling. New London, Drury Lane, WC2 $(405\,0072, cc\,404\,4079)$.

**A Chorus of Disapproval

Alan Ayckbourn, now investigating amateur operatics, explains (& directs) with witty naturalism the social dilemmas of a newcomer who is promoted, surprisingly, from Crook-Fingered Jack to Captain Macheath, in a production of *The Beggar's Opera*. The progress of the opera has been cunningly woven into his private life. Splendidly played by Bob Peck (as the diffident tyro) & Michael Gambon (as the Welsh director). Olivier, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, CC 928 5933). REVIEWED SEPT, 1985.

★Daisy Pulls It Off

Denise Deegan's topping school story is precisely the kind of piece (though with tongue in cheek) that Angela Brazil might have written. David Gilmore's production gets funnier

avid Bailey's selection of great fashion photograph, Shots of Style, opens at the V & A on October 9 (see page 17). He says he picked "images which do more than document fashion: they make a statement about women". Photographers include Man Ray, Sir Cecil Beaton, Norman Parkinson, Irving Penn, Richard Avedon, Deborah Turbeville, Helmut Newton; above is a 1948 picture by Erwin Blumenfeld.

with the years. Globe, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (437 1592, cc), REVIEWED JUNE, 1983.

The Duchess of Malfi

Philip Prowse's treatment of John Webster's Jacobean tragedy is so rightly atmospheric (Death stalking the corridors) that one wishes he had thought more of the sound. Ian McKellen's Bosola, grimly dominant, shows

how verse & prose should be spoken. Lyttelton, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, CC 928 5933). REVIEWED AUG, 1985.

Evita

The fact that Tim Rice & Andrew Lloyd Webber's emotional music drama is moving towards its end may seem like advance news of an ancient monument crumbling; but it will be with us a little longer. Until Feb, 1986. Prince Edward, Old Compton St, W1 (437 6877, cc 439 8499). REVIEWED AUG, 1978.

Figaro

If the ghosts of Mozart & his librettist, da Ponte, should wander in the Seven Dials area, they might be surprised but should not be too worried by this cheeky translation of a classic opera to a six-character musical (period 1960). Ambassadors, West St, WC2 (836 6111, cc 379 6433). REVIEWED AUG, 1985.

★42nd Street

By now this has become another label. An American show business musical that is an admirable & unselfconscious example of high-geared professionalism. Frankie Vaughan & Shani Wallis join the cast from Oct 7.Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, WC2 (836 8108, cc). REVIEWED OCT, 1984.

Gigi

Amanda Waring makes her West End début in a stage version of Lerner & Loewe's film musical, from Colette's famous novel of Paris at the beginning of the century. Lyric, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (437 3686, cc 434 1550).

★Guys & Dolls

No one rocks the boat dangerously in this National Theatre revival of the Broadway classic musical, score by Frank Loesser. The performances of Lulu, Norman Rossington & David Healy—but why be selective?—would have much cheered Damon Runyon. Prince of Wales, Coventry St, W1 (930 8681, cc 930 0844). REVIEWED AUG, 1985.

*Jumpers

The last performances of a cherished Tom Stoppard revival: a frolic, led by Paul Eddington & Felicity Kendal, for all those eager to know the difference between logical positivism & moral absolutes. Until Oct 5. Aldwych, Aldwych, WC2 (836 6404, cc 379 6233). REVIEWED MAY, 1985.

Light Up the Sky

Moss Hart's comedy of the American theatre world in the 1940s, with Hannah Gordon & Kate O'Mara. Until Oct 19. Old Vic, Waterloo Rd, SE1 (928 7616, cc 261 1821).

Little Shop of Horrors

A musical extravagance about a man-eating plant, a blend of cactus & octopus, that grows into a terror. An acquired taste. Until Oct 5. Comedy, Panton St, SW1 (930 2578, cc 839 1438). REVIEWED DEC, 1983.

Look, No Hans!

New comedy by John Chapman & Michael Pertwee with David Jason as a hapless car sales manager involved in industrial espionage. Strand, Aldwych, WC2 $(836\ 2660, cc)$.

★Me & My Girl

After practically 50 years London again dances the Lambeth Walk. The old tunes return cheerfully, now with Robert Lindsay in Lupino Lane's part, & so inventive a comedian as Frank Thornton to join him. Adelphi, Strand, WC2 (836 7611, cc 836 7358). REVIEWED APR, 1985.

★The Merry Wives of Windsor

An older school of Stratfordians may not be too eager to see Falstaff & friends in the manners & dress of the 1950s, but if this had to be done it could not be managed more zestfully; Peter Jeffrey is Falstaff. Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon. REVIEWED MAY, 1985.

The Mousetrap

Agatha Christie's thriller, after almost 33 years, seems to be as much a part of London as Nelson's Column, but there must ever be people who are seeing it, gratified, for the

first time. St Martin's, West St, WC2 (836 1443, cc 379 6433).

Mutiny!

On board the *Bounty* we get to a musical-comedy Tahiti & to the mutiny led by Fletcher Christian (played by David Essex, who has also written the score). A magnificent ship (William Dudley's); a detailed production (Michael Bogdanov's) & performance (Frank Finlay's as Captain Bligh), but little else. Piccadilly, Denman St, W1 (437 4506, cc 379 6565). REVIEWED SEPT, 1985.

★Noises Off

Michael Frayn's irresistibly relishing farce—which takes place during the performance of another farce, on tour—may be enough to deter potential actors & actresses: possibly good news for Equity. Savoy, Strand, WC2 (836–8888, CC 379–6219). REVIEWED APR, 1982.

No Sex Please, We're British

With a title that when the play opened 15 years ago seemed inspired, this is the *Mousetrap* of farce. Its director, Allan Davis, keeps it fresh. Garrick, Charing Cross Rd, WC2 (836 4601, CC).

★On Your Toes

This revival of the Rodgers-&-Hart musical, now at the end of its run, is still celebrated for its disciplined dancing. Until Oct 19. Palace, Shaftesbury Ave, WC2 (437 6834, cc 437 8327). REVIEWED AUG, 1984.

Othello

Ben Kingsley returns to the RSC to play the title role in a production by Terry Hands, with Niamh Cusack as Desdemona & David Suchet as Iago. Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon.

Pravda

In spite of its name, Howard Brenton & David Hare call it "a Fleet Street comedy". No miracle of construction, it is lucky enough to have Anthony Hopkins as a South African businessman who cuts a swathe through the English newspaper business. Olivier. (Special benefit performance in aid of the Ethiopian Appeal Fund, Oct 6.) REVIEWED JUNE, 1985.

The Real Inspector Hound/The Critic

Tom Stoppard's early play about two drama critics, with Stoppard himself directing, runs in partnership with Sheila Hancock's revival of Sheridan's 18th-century burlesque of historical tragedy. Olivier.

★Run For Your Wife

If Piccadilly Circus heaves regularly in the evenings (& at Thursday & Saturday matinée times), it is merely the effect of the underground Criterion audience responding to Ray Cooney's storm-along farce. Criterion, Piccadilly Circus, W1 (930 3216, cc 379 6565). REVIEWED MAY, 1983.

★The Seagul

Charles Sturridge's Chekhov revival, which wavered too noticeably at Hammersmith, is now firmly set, with the arrival of Vanessa Redgrave as the vain actress & Jonathan Pryce as the weak-willed novelist who follows her. Natasha Richardson's Nina has developed remarkably. Until Oct 26. Queen's, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (734 1166, cc). REVIEWED SEPT, 1985.

The Secret Diary of Adrian Mole aged 1334

The diary of this not very attractive youth is the foundation of a play that some may find tiresome, but which seems to keep adherents. Wyndham's, Charing Cross Rd, WC2 (836 3028, cc 379 6565). REVIEWED FEB, 1985.

★★She Stoops to Conquer

Goldsmith's comedy has turned up in so

many routine productions that this revival is what an old advertisement used to call "a boon & a blessing to men". The National cast, with such players as Tony Haygarth, Dora Bryan & Julia Watson, looks after it enjoyably. Lyttelton. REVIEWED JAN, 1985.

Starlight Express

If you have ever played at trains, you will probably like this—otherwise not. Andrew Lloyd Webber has written it, Trevor Nunn directs, & the cast wear roller-skates. Apollo Victoria, Wilton Rd, SW1 (828 8665, cc 630 6262). REVIEWED MAY, 1984.

A State of Affairs

Graham Swannell may be too single-minded in his quartet of brief plays about the marital state & its side-lines, but the night does develop & Gary Bond & Nichola McAuliffe (in various disguises) are not found wanting. Duchess, Catherine St, WC2 (836 8243, CC 379 6433). REVIEWED SEPT, 1985.

Stepping Out

Richard Harris has devised, & Julia McKenzie has directed, a comedy that shows what can happen when you learn to tap-dance. Duke of York's, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (836 5122, cc 836 9837). REVIEWED NOV, 1984.

Sweet Bird of Youth

One of Tennessee Williams's revelations of more or less daily life in the Deep South. Entirely artificial though it is, it does benefit from the sophisticated acting of Lauren Bacall & the comparable direction by Harold Pinter. Theatre Royal, Haymarket, SW1 (930 9832, CC). REVIEWED SEPT, 1985.

Troilus & Cressida

Stratford has done this intricate satire so often & so finely that enthusiasm for the second-best can falter. The chosen period now is, roughly, Crimean. We can be grateful for Peter Jeffrey's genuine eloquence in the great homilies on Degree & Time. Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon.

★Two Into One

Ray Cooney's grand farce, with Michael Williams, Anton Rodgers & Kathy Staff. Shaftesbury, Shaftesbury Ave, WC2 (379 5399, cc 741 9999). REVIEWED DEC, 1984.

FIRST NIGHTS

As I Lay Dying

Peter Gill's adaptation of William Faulkner's work shows death & its bizarre aftermath. Oct 15-22. Cottesloe, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, cc 928 5933).

Camille

Pam Gems's play, based on Alexandre Dumas's *La Dame aux caméllias*, gets a West End run after its success at Stratford's The Other Place last year. With Frances Barber, Polly James & Nicholas Farrell. Opens Oct 29. Comedy, Panton St, SW1 (930 2578, cc 839 1438).

The Castle

One of an RSC season of three new Howard Barker plays, all of which open this month. This one is set at the end of the Crusades. Oct 16-Nov 22. The Pit, Barbican, Silk St, EC2 (628 8795, 638 8891, cc).

Crimes in Hot Countries

Bill Alexander directs this Howard Barker drama about the erotic mayhem that follows the arrival of a government inspector in a small island colony. Oct 9-Nov 23. The Pit.

Downchild

The last Howard Barker work centres on a newspaper gossip columnist struggling

against corruption. Oct 23-Nov 23. The Pit.

The Dragon's Tail

Penelope Keith, Mark Kingston, Robert Hines & Amanda Root in a new play by Douglas Watkinson about four people on holiday in North Wales. Opens Oct 21. Apollo, Shaftesbury Avenue, W1 (437 2663, cc). Sept 30-Oct 12. Richmond Theatre, Richmond, Surrey (940 0088, cc).

The Grace of Mary Travers

Timberlake Wertenbaker's play is a female version of the Faust story, set in the 18th century. Opens Oct 17. Royal Court, Sloane Sq, SW1 (730 1745, cc).

Les Misérables

The RSC give a British première to this musical first produced in Paris in 1980. Based on Victor Hugo's famous novel, it has been written by Alain Boubil & Claude-Michel Schönberg & is directed by Trevor Nunn & John Caird. Opens Oct 8. Barbican, Silk St, EC2 (628 8795, 638 8891, cc).

Mrs Warren's Profession

Joan Plowright plays Mrs Warren in Bernard Shaw's play about a woman who has worked her way from prostitution to respectability. Opens Oct 10. Lyttelton, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, cc 928 5933).

Phedra

Glenda Jackson returns as the woman destroyed by her guilty love for her stepson, in Robert David MacDonald's translation of Racine's tragedy. Opens Oct 15. Aldwych, Aldwych, WC2 (836 6404, cc 379 6233).

Same Time Next Year

Denis Waterman & Rula Lenska play a couple—married, but not to each other—who spend one night together each year for 24 years. Oct 30-Dec 7. Old Vic, Waterloo Rd, SE1 (928 7616, cc 261 1821).

Spend, Spend, Spend

Adaptation by Claire Luckham of Jack Rosenthal's television play about a woman who, in 1961, won £152,000 on the football pools. Oct 11-Nov 16. Half Moon, 213 Mile End Rd, E1 (790 4000).

Torch Song Trilogy

Antony Sher heads the cast in Harvey Fierstein's award-winning play about homosexuality which has enjoyed a three-year run on Broadway. Opens Oct 1. Albery, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (836 3878, cc 379 6565).

True Dare Kiss. . . & . . . Command or Promise

CINEMA

The following films are expected to be showing in London or on general release at some time during the month. Programmes are often changed at short notice. Consult a local or daily newspaper for exact location & times. Information on West End & Greater London showings in Odeon, ABC & Classic chains from 200 0200.

The Black Cauldron (U)

The 25th full-length animated feature from Disney retells a Welsh legend, set in the enchanted land of Prydain, about a boy's search for a cauldron which can be used to rule or destroy the world. With the voices of John Hurt, Nigel Hawthorne & Freddie Jones. Opens Oct 11. Odeon, Leicester Sq, WC2 (930 6111, cc 839 1929).

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272 294281

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London-Mayfair U1 493 8282

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Plymouth

CINEMA CONTINUED

Body Double (18)

Psychological thriller, with Rear Window overtones. Directed by Brian De Palma set in the Los Angeles acting community. With Craig Wasson & Deborah Shelton.

Camila (15)

Argentinian film based on a true story of a young girl from a well-to-do family who falls in love with a young Jesuit priest. Amid great scandal, the two elope, but the authorities decide to make an example of them. Opens Sept 27. Curzon, Curzon St. W1 (499 3737.

A bunch of aliens disguised as humans, led by the burly Brian Dennehy, attempt to rescue some of their stranded astronauts, who have been preserved in special containers. When these are temporarily placed in a private swimming pool they give it rejuvenating properties much appreciated by the residents of an old folks' home next door. REVIEWED SEPT.

Code of Silence (18) Action film with Chuck Norris as a Chicago police chief trying to crack down on drug cor-

ruption in the city. *Crimes of Passion (18)

Ken Russell's new film, with Kathleen Turner as a fashion designer with a double life, who becomes a prostitute by night, REVIEW ON P 105. * Desperately Seeking Susan (15)

Accomplished, funny film by Susan Seidelman, well scripted by Leora Barish. Rosanna Arquette plays a bored housewife who finds herself endowed with the personality of her heroine, a beautiful punk princess (Madonna), when she buys her cast-off jacket

in a second-hand shop, REVIEWED SEPT, 1985. *Dim Sum (U) Not much happens in this gentle family

comedy set in San Francisco's Chinese community. It all hinges on a mother's desire to see her daughter married off before she dies. The warm performances enhance Wayne Wang's unhurried film.

★The Flamingo Kid (15)

An engaging "rites-of-passage" comedy set in Brooklyn in 1963, with Matt Dillon assured & funny as a youth horrifying his staid plumber father by taking a job at a beach club amid high-rolling gamblers. Richard Crenna plays his slick idol, who crashes when his cardcheating is unmasked. Garry Marshall directed. Opens Oct 18. Classic Chelsea, Kings Rd. SW3 (352 5096, cc); Cinecenta, Panton St SW1 (930 0631)

Rather self-centred performance from Chevy Chase as an investigative reporter who stumbles on a convoluted plot of drug-dealing, treachery, double-dealing & murder. Opens Sept 27. Plaza, Lower Regent St, W1 (437 1234), REVIEWED AUG. 1985.

The Frog Prince (15)

Brian Gilbert's film about a naïve English teenager living in Paris in 1960 lacks sufficient bite. Jane Snowden looks convincing enough & Alexandre Sterling does as well as

"Gotcha!" (15)

Moderately entertaining, if implausible, film by Jeff Kanew about an innocent 18-year-old Californian who is lured to East Berlin by a beautiful Czech girl & involved in an espionage plot. REVIEWED SEPT, 1985.



Clint Eastwood, director and star of Pale Rider: essential viewing for devotees.

Jean-Luc Godard's controversial film, a modern re-telling of the story of the virgin birth, is the first to be screened in this new cinema beneath the Trocadero complex. Opens Oct 11. Metro 1, Rupert St, W1.

The Holcroft Covenant (15) Michael Caine & Anthony Andrews lead the cast in John Frankenheimer's film about a New York architect who discovers that his late father was a Nazi & had left money in a Swiss bank account to be used to atone for his party's crimes.

Lifeforce (18) Frank Finlay, Steve Railsback, Nicholas Ball & A stylish thriller in which 26-year-old French Peter Firth in a science-fiction film directed by Toby Hooper. Three aliens are brought to earth after a space disaster, & destroy London. Opens Oct 4. Leicester Square & Isabelle Adjani a millionaire's wife who pur-Theatre, WC2 (930 5252, cc 839 1759).

Mad Max Beyond Thunderdome (15) The third of the Mad Max post-nuclear future series, made in Australia, with Mel Gibson tarnished mayor, Timothy Hutton resorts to surviving against bizarre enemies. Tina Turner plays a power-crazed princess, & there are some spectacular action sequences including a gladiatorial contest with a giant & a hair-raising & rather pointless chase across sessing teenagers conquer their frustration the desert. George Miller & George Ogilvie directed. Opens Oct 18. Warner West End. Leicester Sq. WC2 (439 0791); Classics Haymarket, SW1 (839 1527) & Oxford St, W1 (636 0310); ABCs Fulham Rd, SW10 (370 2636, cc 370 2110), Bayswater, W2 (229

4149) & Edgware Rd, W2 (723 5901). *A Nightmare on Elm Street (18)

A superior horror picture directed by a modern master. Wes Craven. A frightful bogeyman terrifies teenage girls in their dreams. & refuses to go away when they wake. Frightening, but not without wit.

The Official Version (15)

Argentinian film about a mother's search for the true parents of her adopted child. Norma Aleandro shared the Best Actress award in BARBICAN Cannes for her performance as the mother. +Pale Rider (15)

Clint Eastwood returns to the Western genre in this film which he has produced & directed, as well as starred in. Once again he is a nameless hero, appearing from nowhere, setting things to rights for the gold prospectors he can playing a Gallic bounder. REVIEWED against the greedy land baron. Eastwood plays a preacher who, as the film nears its bloody climax, exchanges his clerical collar for a pair of guns. The subsequent shoot-out has more than a hint of self-parody.

Shane, but spiced with a touch of High Plains

minimal light. Opens Oct 4. Warner West End: Classic Oxford St; ABCs Fulham Rd, Edgware Rd & Bayswater.

+ Prizzi's Honour (15)

lack Nicholson & Kathleen Turner in a black comedy by John Huston. Opens Oct 11. Odeon, Haymarket, SW1 (930 2738, cc). RE-VIEWS ON p103.)

Rambo: First Blood Part II (15)

Sylvester Stallone, muscular as ever, refights the Vietnam War single-handed in this dismal film which cashes in on militant xenophobia & racial hatred. REVIEWED SEPT. 1985.

* * Subway (15)

director Luc Besson brilliantly creates the strange nether world of the Paris Métro. Christopher Lambert plays a man on the run sues him there REVIEWED AUG 1985.

Seeking revenge on the city of New York & its graffiti, spraying increasingly embarrassing

messages for his foe. REVIEWED SEPT, 1985. Weird Science (15)

Dire teenage comedy in which two unpreposby conjuring a woman out of their computer. Alas special effects overwhelm the comic invention. Opens Oct 25, Plaza, Lower Regent St. W1 (437 1234).

Certificates

U = unrestricted PG = passed for general exhibition but parents are advised that the film contains material that they might prefer younger children not to see.

15 = no admittance under 15 years. 18 = no admittance under 18 years.

MUSIC

Silk St, EC2 (628 8795, 638 8891, cc).

Mahler, Vienna & the 20th Century. The autumn cycle of this festival takes up a substantial part of the month's music making

London Symphony Orchestra. With Jessye Norman, soprano, & Maurizio Pollini, piano, as soloists, Claudio Abbado, music director of the festival, conducts works by Berg, Ives & Brahms grouped around Mahler's Rückertlieder, Oct 3, 7,45pm.

Jessye Norman, soprano, Philip Moll, It is a classic story, very reminiscent of piano, Douglas Cummings, cello, Peter Lloyd, flute. A wide-ranging programme by Drifter. Robert Surtees photographed it with this great singer with music by **>



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MUSIC CONTINUED

Handel, Mahler, Berg & Ravel. Oct 6, 7.30pm.

London Symphony Orchestra. Pierre Boulez, a specialist in the music of the Vienna School, conducts Schönberg's Verklärte Nacht & Mahler's Das Lied von der Erde, with Hanna Schwarz, mezzo-soprano, & Walter Raffeiner, tenor, as soloists. Oct 10, 7.45pm.

London Symphony Orchestra. Abbado conducts Berg's Chamber Concerto & Mahler's Des Knaben Wunderhorn, with Peter Serkin, piano, Isaac Stern, violin, Elizabeth Connell, soprano, & Walton Gronroos, baritone. Oct 17, 7.45pm.

London Symphony Orchestra & Chorus. Richard Hickox conducts Mahler's Das klagende Lied & Britten's Spring Symphony, with Heather Harper, soprano, Alfreda Hodgson, contralto, & Arthur Davies, tenor. Oct 20, 7.30pm.

London Symphony Orchestra & Chorus. At the final concert Abbado conducts Nono's Liebeslied & the British première of his A Carlo Scarpa architetto, followed by Mahler's Symphony No 6. Oct 24, 7.45pm.

Igor Oistrakh, violin, Natalia Zertsalova, piano. The great Russian violinist plays Beethoven's Sonatas Nos 5 & 7. Oct 9, 1pm.

BBC Symphony Orchestra. A gala concert under John Pritchard in celebration of the life of Sir Robert Mayer, 1879-1985, who devoted much of his long life to introducing young people to music. Oct 14, 7.45pm.

Segovia. The celebrated guitarist plays music by Handel, Scarlatti, Grieg, Tchaikovsky, Granados & others. Oct 28, 7.45pm. Pinchas Zukerman, violin, Mark Neikrug, piano. The eminent violinist plays Sonatas by

Mozart, Prokofiev & R. Strauss. Oct 29,

7.45pm. PALACE THEATRE

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Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (437 6834, cc 437 8327)

English Chamber Orchestra, London Philharmonic Chorus. Andrew Lloyd Webber's Variations, in a new version for cello & orchestra, with Julian Lloyd Webber as soloist, receives its first performance. The same composer's Requiem will also be heard. Oct 25, 26, 28, 29, 30, Nov 1, 2, 8pm.

ROYAL OPERA HOUSE

Covent Garden, WC2 (240 1066/1911, cc).

Berganza, mezzo-soprano. Geoffrey Parsons, piano. The first of the season's recitals is given by the eminent Spanish operatic mezzo. Oct 20, 8pm.

Orchestra of the Royal Opera House, Pro Musica Chorus of London. Charles Mackerras conducts a gala performance of Messiah, in the presence of Princess Alexandra, given in aid of the Australian Musical Foundation in London & the ROH Development Appeal. Oct 27, 7pm.

ST JOHN'S

Smith Sq, SW1 (222 1061).

Arnold Östman, fortepiano, Theresa Caudle, classical violin, Helen Verney, classical cello. The first public recital in this country of this group of artists, all of whom perform on early instruments. They are joined in an all-Haydn programme by the Swedish soprano Ann-Christine Biel, who sang the role of Micaela in Peter Brook's production of Carmen. Oct 3, 7.30pm.

IRCAM in London. Three concerts of electro-acoustic compositions from the last 10 years commissioned by & produced at the Institut de Recherche et Co-ordination Acoustique/Musique in Paris. London Sinfonietta, under Peter Eötvös, perform works by Murail, Osborne & Höller, with Linda Hirst, mezzo-soprano, as soloist. Oct 8, 7.30pm. With the BBC Singers they play works by Amy & Manoury. Oct 12, 7.30pm. There is also a programme of tape compositions, by Barrière, Chowning, Machover & Harvey, with Jane Manning, soprano, & Barry Guy, doublebass, as soloist. Oct 12, 5pm.

Lontano. Under the direction of its conductor Odaline de la Martinez, this ensemble which specializes in the music of the 20th century is giving a series of concerts featuring the music of North & South America as well as premières of works by British composers. The first programme combines works by the Cuban Amadeo Roldan, the Americans Roger Reynolds & Paul Lansky, & the British composer Judith Weir who studied in the USA. Oct

London Collegiate Brass, London College of Music Choir. In celebration of 100 years of music publishing, Josef Weinberger Ltd are promoting a series of concerts spanning their history from Mahler to the present day, James Stobart conducts works by Patterson, Howells & Vinter, with Forbes Robinson, bass, as soloist, Oct 24, 7.30pm.

Rudolf Firkusny, piano. The eminent pianist plays works by Beethoven, Dvořák & Martinů. Oct 28, 1pm.

SOUTH BANK

SE1 (928 3191, cc 928 8800).

FESTIVAL HALL

Philharmonia Orchestra. The opening concert, under the Czech conductor Libor Pesek, of a month-long celebration of Czech & Slovak music. Paul Tortelier is the soloist in Dvořák's Cello Concerto: the programme also includes Martinů's Symphony No 6 & Dvořák's rarely performed Symphonic Poem The Wild Dove. Oct 1, 7.30pm.

Celebrating 1685. Further recitals of organ music by Bach to mark this year's tercentenary of his birth. The soloists are John Scott, David Lumsden, Ferdinand Klinda & Ronald Leith. Oct 2, 9, 16, 30, 5.55pm.

BBC Symphony Orchestra. John Pritchard conducts the first concert of the season. The programme includes Beethoven's Choral Fantasy & Bruckner's Mass No 3. Oct 6, 7.30pm.

Orchestre National de France. Lorin Maazel conducts one of France's leading orchestras in Berlioz, Debussy & Ravel. Oct 7,

Philharmonia Orchestra. The great Russian violinist Igor Oistrakh plays Tchaikovsky's Violin Concerto under the baton of Mariss Yansons. Oct 12, 7.30pm.

Maurizio Pollini, piano. 24 Preludes & Fugues from Das Wohltemperierte Klavier by Bach played by this keyboard virtuoso. Oct 14, 7.30pm.

Czech Philharmonic Orchestra. As the climax of the festival of Czech & Slovak music Jiři Belohlavek conducts this celebrated orchestra in Martinu's Memorial to Lidice, Bruch's Violin Concerto No 1, with Vaclav Hudacek as soloist, & Dvořák's Symphony No 6. Oct 23, 7.30pm.

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. Paavo Berglund conducts Sibelius's Violin Concerto, with Joseph Swensen as soloist, & the Kullervo Symphony, with the Helsinki University Male Voice Choir. Oct 26, 7.30pm.

London Philharmonic Orchestra. Georg Solti conducts Liszt's rarely heard Faust Symphony & Beethoven's Piano Concerto No 5, with Alfred Brendel. Oct 27, 7.30pm. QUEEN ELIZABETH HALL

English Chamber Orchestra. Opening concert in a series of 10 to be directed from the keyboard by Mitsuko Uchida during which she will perform the complete cycle of 21 Mozart Piano Concertos, starting with No 17 & No 20. Oct 5, 7.45pm. At the second concert she will play No 18 & No 19. Oct 31, 7.45pm.

Bernard d'Ascoli, piano. A recital of music by Bach, Beethoven, Brahms & Chopin by this young French pianist. Oct 17, 7.45pm.

London Sinfonietta. First concert in a new Music of Eight Decades series which will include six world premières & six British premières, starting with Suns Dance by Colin Matthews & Canzona by Charles Wuorinen, conducted by Oliver Knussen. Oct 30,

WIGMORE HALL

36 Wigmore St, W1 (935 2141, cc).

Elly Ameling, soprano, Rudolf Jansen, piano. This fine Dutch soprano sings songs by Fauré & two groups of Mörike Lieder by Hugo Wolf. Oct 2, 7.30pm.

Medici String Quartet. Music by Janáček & extracts from his letters & diaries, with Norman Rodway as Janáček & Barbara Leigh-Hunt as Mářa. Oct 6, 7.30pm.

Nash Ensemble. Lionel Friend conducts works by Henze, Schubert, Strauss, Schönberg & Schumann as part of this enterprising group's concert series of Austro-German romantic music. Oct 12, 7.15pm.

The Consort of Musicke. Anthony Rooley directs his Renaissance specialists in madrigals & ayres by Monteverdi, Dowland, Schütz & John Ward. Oct 13, 7.30pm.

Songmakers' Almanac. A recital devoted to the life & songs of Debussy, by Jennifer Smith, soprano, Russell Smythe & Stephen Varcoe, baritones, with Graham Johnson at the piano. Oct 15, 7.30pm.

Smetana Quartet. This distinguished quartet celebrate their 40th anniversary in a recital of quartets by Richter, Janáček & Beethoven. Oct 19, 7.30pm.

James Bowman, counter-tenor, Alison Bury, baroque violin, Timothy Mason, baroque cello, Harold Lester, harpsichord. An attractive programme of music by Purcell, Monteverdi, Monn & Telemann for one of the regular Sunday morning coffee concerts. Oct 20, 11.30am.

London Baroque. Early music specialists, with Emma Kirkby, soprano, perform works by Rameau, Scarlatti, Haydn, Bach, Corelli & Kelly. Oct 22, 7.30pm.

OPERA

ENGLISH NATIONAL OPERA

London Coliseum, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (836 3161, cc 240 5258).

Rigoletto. With Neil Howlett singing the title role, Joan Rodgers as Gilda & Arthur Davies as the Duke. Oct 2,4,10. Then Terence Sharpe takes over as Rigoletto & Bonaventura Bottone as the Duke. Oct 17,19,23,26. REVIEW ON

Così fan tutte. The American soprano Kay Griffel makes her company début as Fiordiligi, with Anne Mason as Dorabella, Maldwyn Davies as Ferrando, Christopher Booth-Jones as Guglielmo, Oct 3,5,8,11.

Don Carlos. David Pountney restages Verdi's powerful study of human destiny enmeshed in the conflict between Church & State; with Josephine Barstow as >>>

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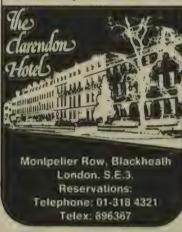


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OPERA CONTINUED

Elisabeth, John Treleaven as Carlos, Linda Finnie as Eboli, Jonathan Summers as Posa, Richard Van Allan as Philip II & the Czech bass Clemens Slowioczek as the Grand Inquisitor. Oct 9,12,16,18,22,25,28,31.

Faust. New production by former RSC producer Ian Judge, conducted by Jacques Delacôte, with Arthur Davies as Faust, Helen Field as Marguerite & John Tomlinson as Mephistopheles. Oct 24,29.

Orpheus in the Underworld. First of a further run of performances of this season's new production. Oct 30.

GLYNDEBOURNE TOURING OPERA

Glyndebourne, Lewes, E Sussex (0273 812411). Oct 8-12. Apollo Theatre, Oxford (0865 244544, cc). Oct 22-26. Palace Theatre, Manchester (061-236 9922, cc 061-236 8012). Oct 29-Nov 2.

Carmen. This summer's immensely successful new production by Peter Hall now has Anne Turner singing the title role, the Corsican tenor Tibère Raffalli as Don José & Malcolm Walker, the excellent Morales at the Glyndebourne Festival, as Escamillo; James Judd conducts.

Idomeneo. Trevor Nunn's production is conducted by Jane Glover, with Martyn Hill as Idomeneo, Adrian Martin as Idamante, Marie Slorach as Electra & Patricia Rosario as Ilia.

A Midsummer Night's Dream. Peter Hall's bewitching production returns under the baton of Graeme Jenkins.

KENT OPERA

Derngate Theatre, Northampton (0604 24811, cc). Oct 1-5. Assembly Hall, Tunbridge Wells (0892 30613). Oct 8-10. The Orchard, Dartford (0322 343333, cc). Oct 17-19. Arts Theatre, Cambridge (0223 352000, cc 0223 316421). Oct 22-26. Theatre Royal, Bath (0225 65065). Oct 29-Nov 2.

Agrippina. Handel's version of the story of Nero & Poppea is conducted by Ivan Fischer, with Felicity Palmer singing the title role, Meryl Drower as Poppea & Eirian James as Nero.

La traviata. Jonathan Miller's production, conducted by Fischer, with Louisa Kennedy as Violetta & Patrick Power as Alfredo.

The Barber of Seville. Gordon Sandison sings the title role, with Eirian James as Rosina; Arnold Östman conducts.

NEW SADLER'S WELLS OPERA

Sadler's Wells Theatre, Rosebery Ave, EC1 (278 8916/20, cc). Oct 17-Nov 23.

The Merry Widow. To mark the 80th anniversary of the Viennese première of Lehár's operetta the season opens with a new production by Nigel Douglas, who has also made a new translation of the libretto. Hanna Glawari is sung by Eiddwen Harrhy, Danilo by Alan Oke, Valencienne by Sarah Brightman & Camille by Glenn Winslade.

La traviata. Elizabeth Collier sings the title role & Kim Begley is Alfredo.

HMS Pinafore. Christopher Renshaw's successful production returns with Nickolas Grace again singing Sir Joseph Porter.

OPERA NORTH

Grand Theatre, Leeds (0532 459351/440971, cc). Until Oct 5. Palace Theatre, Manchester (061-236 9922, cc 061-236 8012). Oct 8-12. Theatre Royal, Nottingham (0602 472328, cc). Oct 15-19.

The Midsummer Marriage. A new production by Tim Albery, conducted by David

Lloyd-Jones, in celebration of Tippett's 80th birthday, with Rita Cullis as Jenifer, Patricia O'Neill as Bella, Donald Stephenson as Mark & Philip Joll as King Fisher.

I Puritani. Andrei Serban's forceful production with its strong Civil War setting returns with Suzanne Murphy again singing the role of Elvira, Dennis O'Neill as Arturo.

The Magic Flute. Graham Vick's production is revived with Jane Leslie MacKenzie as Pamina, Richard Morton as Tamino & Henry Newman as Papageno.

ROYAL OPERA

Covent Garden, WC2 (240 1066/1911, cc).

A Florentine Tragedy/The Birthday of the Infanta. These two operas after Oscar Wilde by the Viennese composer Alexander Zemlinsky-the Royal Opera's contribution to the Mahler Festival-receive their British première in a production by Adolf Dresen, conducted by Colin Davis. Both works are sung in English in new translations by Edward Downes, who has adapted Wilde's original text for The Florentine Tragedy, an incomplete verse play. & made a new translation of The Birthday of the Infanta, which is based on a free adaptation of Wilde's fairy story. The cast include Kim Begley, Guillermo Sarabia, Claire Powell, Celina Lindsley, Yvonne Kenny, Stafford Dean & Kenneth Riegel. Oct 1,4,7,11,16,19.

Il barbiere di Siviglia. Thomas Allen repeats his zestful & splendidly sung portrayal of the title role. Oct 3,9.

L'elisir d'amore. A new cast for this revival of John Copley's vivacious production: Francisco Araiza as Nemorino, Marie McLaughlin as Adina, Gino Quilico as Belcore & Rolando Panerai as Dulcamara. Oct 5,8,10,14,18.

Il trovatore. Elizabeth Connell, José Carreras, Elena Obraztsova & Wolfgang Brendel line up for a revival of one of the most popular operas in the repertory. Oct 12,15,21,25,28.

SCOTTISH OPERA

Theatre Royal, Glasgow (041-331 1234, cc 041-332 9000).

The Magic Flute. Jonathan Miller's production returns with Benjamin Luxon as Papageno, Robin Leggate as Tamino, Rosa Mannion as Pamina & Pieter van den Berg as Sarastro. Oct 2,8,10,12, Oct 5 matinée.

Oberon. Anthony Burgess has been commissioned to write a new libretto for Weber's

rarely performed opera, to be produced by Graham Vick, designed by Russell Craig & conducted by Alexander Gibson. The cast includes Dennis Bailey, Geoffrey Dolton & Janice Cairns. Oct 23,26.

WEISH NATIONAL OPERA

Hippodrome, Birmingham (021-622 7486, cc). Oct 1-5. Gaumont Theatre, Southampton (0703 229771/2/3, cc). Oct 8-12. Hippodrome, Bristol (0272 299444, cc 0272 213362). Oct 15-19.

Götterdämmerung. This production by Göran Järvefelt of the final part of Wagner's Ring marks the completion of the WNO cycle, designed by Carl Friedrich Oberle & conducted by Richard Armstrong. Anne Evans & Jeffrey Lawton again sing Brünnhilde & Siegfried. All performances are on Sat at 4pm.

Madam Butterfly. Rosamund Illing sings the title role in Joachim Herz's production; David Rendall & Arthur Davies share the role of Pinkerton.

Rigoletto. The Rumanian baritone Eduard Tumagian sings the jester, with Anne Williams-King as Gilda & John Fowler as the Duke, in Lucian Pintilie's production.

BALLET

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International dance events, in five major London venues & also in Manchester, Bury, Warrington, Bristol, Oxford, Portsmouth, Glasgow, Peterborough, Swindon & Nottingham. More than 35 companies & soloists show their paces. Oct 9-Dec 1.

HOT SHOE SHOW

London Palladium, Argyll St, W1 (437 7373/6, 437 6891/2, cc 437 2055).

Wayne Sleep's popular TV show takes to the stage with its entertaining mix of tap, jazz, rock & ballet, spiced with Sleep's virtuosity & wicked wit. Oct 21-Nov 9.

NORTHERN BALLET THEATRE

Dominion, Tottenham Court Rd, W1 (580 9562, cc 323 1576).

Othello, with music by Loris Tjeknavorian, choreography by Robert de Warren & designs by Peter Farmer, has a royal first night, attended by Princess Anne. Seen previously only at the Derngate, Northampton, in September, it is in two acts, each with six scenes, & is designed as a symphonic suite



Wayne Sleep—indefatigable as ever—in a three-week season of his *Hot Shoe*Show at the London Palladium.

illustrating Shakespeare's play. Oct 28,29.

Triple bill: Miss Julie, Birgit Cullberg's steamy realization of Strindberg's steamy play, with Nureyev dancing the Valet; A Midsummer Night's Dream, Act II, de Warren's version, with Yoko Shimizu & Michael Corder as Titania & Oberon; New work by the Italian choreographer Amedeo Amodio, danced to a commissioned score by Bruno Maderna, designs by Peter Farmer. Oct 30.31

ROYAL BALLET

Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, WC2 (240 1066/1911 cc).

The Sleeping Beauty, choreography Petipa & Ashton, music Tchaikovsky. The linchpin of RB's repertory in a generally satisfactory production supervised by Ninette de Valois. Oct 17,22,26 (2.30pm & 7.30pm), 29.

The Two Pigeons, choreography Ashton, music Messager. Charming, full of sentiment (but not sentimentality). Oct 23,24.

Triple bill: La Bayadère, choreography Petipa/Nureyev, music Minkus—one of the real classics, with the famous entrance for 32 Shades down a ramp, performing 720 arabesques penchées; The Sons of Horus, world première of Bintley's fourth work for the RB, inspired by Egyptian mythology & danced to a commissioned score by Peter McGowan; Elite Syncopations, choreography MacMillan, music Scott Joplin—a ragtime favourite set in a honky-tonk dance hall & performed in Ian Spurling's liquoriceallsorts costumes. Oct 30.

SADLER'S WELLS ROYAL BALLET

Sadler's Wells Theatre, Rosebery Ave, EG1 (278 8916/20, cc).

Quadruple bill: Median, choreography Jennifer Jackson—her second ballet for SWRB, with music by Stephen Montague, explores the tensions between men & women; Twilight, choreography van Manen, music John Cage, another view of the war between the sexes; Tchaikovsky pas de deux, choreography Balanchine, first performance by SWRB; The Lady & the Fool, choreography Cranko, music Verdi—an enchanting fable of a high society lady won over by the genuine ardour of a beggar man, assisted by his clown-like friend—a kind of Cinderella story with the sexes reversed. Oct 1,2,3.

Triple bill: Les Sylphides, choreography Fokine, music Chopin—perhaps the most poetic of all ballets, & one of the most difficult to perform, though simple in appearance; The Wand of Youth, world première of Michael Corder's fifth work for SWRB, danced to the much loved Elgar music, with designs by Charles Maude; Card Game, choreography Cranko, music Stravinsky—one of the few really funny ballets, based on poker & with a starring role for the wicked, gingerwigged Joker. Oct 4,5 (2.30pm & 7.30pm).

SPORT

ATHLETICS

4th World Cup, Canberra, Australia. Oct 4-6

Bienniel event for teams representing different continents, & some of the larger Eastern bloc countries.

Snowdonia Marathon, Llanberis, Gwynedd. Oct 27, starts 9.30am.

The course is the usual 26 miles 385 yds, but its height fluctuates between 200 ft & 1,200 ft. Last year's winner, Michael Neary, completed it in 2 hrs 29 mins 8 secs.



of-the-century society portraits is presented by Colnaghi and Clarendon Gallery. Frank Dicksee's *Lady Palmer*, above, will be on show.

BOXING

European heavyweight title fight, Wembley Arena. Oct 1.

Frank Bruno meets Anders Ecklund of Sweden in the contest postponed from May. EOUESTRIANISM

Chatsworth Horse Trials, Chatsworth, Derbys. Oct 4-6.

Horse of the Year Show, Wembley Arena. Oct 7-12.

Britain's horsy set continue to mourn the death in July of Dorian Williams who helped to pioneer broadcasting of the sport since the immediate post-war days of Harry Llewellyn & Pat Smythe. Williams, a charming man who also ran an adult education Shakespearean centre at Pendley, was one of the last of the breed of "gentleman & amateur" television commentator. He was upper-crust & chauvinist, either unashamedly whooping, "Oh, jolly good! Come o-o-n, Lucinda!" or, as another British competitor shattered a fence in an explosion of sticks & stones, hooves & heaves: "Oh, rotten luck! They did make rather a mess of that one!" The nation will miss him. He would have been particularly keen at Wembley to see which of Britain's younger generation of show jumping riders—such as Nick Skelton & the Whitaker brothers.might emerge as a real superstar.

FOOTBALL

England v Turkey, World Cup qualifier, Wembley Stadium. Oct 16.

GOLE

Dunhill Cup World Team Championship, St Andrews, Fife. Oct 17-20.

After the hype & hoorays of last month's Ryder Cup challenge at The Belfry between Europe & the United States, the World Team Championship should come as an anticlimax except for the fact that this year's venue is the incomparable St Andrews. In midsummer,

when the Open is held, the world's leading golfers have often escaped the severest "charms" of St Andrews, but with the autumn zephyrs whipping in off the Eden Estuary, the visiting stars could find their sport, well, a whole new ball game. The big names will be looking to see if the new Open champion, Sandy Lyle, is what the British, at least, now reckon he is—a very major figure indeed. Certainly his fellow Europeans, Seve Ballesteros & Bernhard Langer, will be keen to reassert themselves as the Continent's senior twosome.

POWERBOAT RACING

Windermere Record Attempts Week, Lake Windermere, Cumbria. Oct 14-18.

The ferocious, sleek hydrofoil speedsters assailing the record books in the Lake District bear little resemblance to their predecessors as the sport fast approaches its centenary. In 1887, Daimler's 1 horsepower motorboat engine was demonstrated at Württemberg, Germany, in the first application of the internal combustion engine to water travel. The following year Sir Alfred Harmsworth (later Lord Northcliffe) launched the sport internationally when he sponsored an engine produced by the Priestman brothers of Hull that boasted a speed of 19 mph. This month they will be going 10 times as fast--- & certainly just as noisily. The sport's accent is now on safety: four leading drivers were killed last year; one of them, Tom Percival, died in Belgium, after which the 1982 world champion, Roger Jenkins, decided to hang up his crashhelmet.

SNOOKER

Rothman's Grand Prix, Hexagon Theatre, Reading, Berks. Oct 19-27.

TENNIS

Pretty Polly Classic (women), Brighton Centre, Brighton. Oct 20-27.

Wightman Cup (US *v* GB, women), Williamsburg, Virginia, USA. Oct 31-Nov 2. The British women tennis players have had a more successful summer than their counterparts in the men's squad, but there is still little to boast of; apart from a burst of early optimism at Wimbledon, it has been a depressing season for both Jo Durie & Annabel Croft, from whom so much was expected. Amanda Brown offers distinct promise. If the foreign invasion is not too strong at Brighton, they could play themselves into reasonable

GALLERIES

heart for the Wightman Cup in Virginia.

THOMAS AGNEW

43 Old Bond St. W1 (629 6176).

Keith Vaughan: Oils, Watercolours & Gouaches from the 1940s & 50s. Vaughan, during his lifetime, was never the most highly regarded of the British Neo-Romantics. He had neither the prestige of Graham Sutherland, nor the popular appeal of John Piper. But his status has risen rapidly since his death in 1977, & these gem-like studies will find many admirers. (His work is also being shown at the New Grafton Gallery, below.) Oct 15-Nov 8. Mon-Fri 9.30am-5.30pm, Thurs until 6.30pm.

BARBICAN ART GALLERY

Silk St, EC2 (638 4141).

Gwen John (1876-1939): An Interior Life. More than 120 works by one of the quietest & greatest of English painters, who mostly depicted single figures seated in interiors, Until Nov 3.

Roderic O'Conor (1860-1940). A retrospective devoted to the Irishman who was associated with Gauguin & the Pont Aven Group. Until Nov 3.

Vera Cuningham (1897-1955). 40 works from an artist who was once model for Matthew Smith (a selection of whose paintings are also on display here until the end of the year). Until Nov 3.

£1.50, concessions 75p. Tues-Sat 10am-6.45pm, Sun noon-5.45pm.

CHEISEA OLD TOWN HALL

King's Rd, SW3 (inquiries: 373 8620).

Chelsea Crafts Fair. A gallery contribution for the first time as Anatol Orient, Aspects, British Crafts Centre, the Craft Shop at the V&A & Kingsgate Workshop join the ranks of leading British craftsmen & women exhibiting their wares: from tapestries to toys, woodwork to weaving. Oct 16-22. £2 (season ticket £5), concessions 90p; catalogue 90p. Wed-Fri, Mon 10am-9pm, Sat, Sun, Tues until 6pm.

P. & D. COLNAGHI/CLARENDON GALLERY

14 Old Bond St, W1 (491 7408) & 8 Vigo St, w1 (430 4557)

Society Portraits 1850-1939. Sargent will inevitably be included, but so, too, will Helleu, Boldini, Lavery & even Whistler, in this joint exhibition of 80 paintings. Oct 30-Dec 14. Mon-Fri 10am-6pm, Sat until 1pm.

DESIGN CENTRE

28 Haymarket, SW1 (839 8000).

Knitwear. Innovative British knitwear from 23 manufacturers. Until Oct 26. Mon, Tues 10am-6pm. Wed-Sat until 8pm, Sun 1-6pm.

GOLDSMITHS' COLLEGE GALLERY

Lewisham Way, New Cross, SE14 (inquiries:

Wenyon & Gamble Speckle Holograms. Michael Wenyon & Susan Gamble are ≫→

GALLERIES CONTINUED

the best-known holographic artists in Britain. Their latest holograms are quirky compositions in which everyday objects break up into mottled or striated patterns of prismatic colour. Oct 3-23. Mon-Sat noon-5pm.

GOLDSMITHS' HALL

Foster Lane, EC2 (606 8971).

1985 Goldsmiths' Fair. Modern jewelry & silverware exhibited by designer/craftsmen for sale, from low-cost plastics to hand-made, individual gold & silver pieces. Oct 7-12. Mon-Fri 11am-7pm, Sat until 5pm.

CHRISTOPHER HULL GALLERY

17 Motcomb St, SW1 (235 0500).

Sarah Raphael. A young English painter influenced by Balthus, like many painters of her generation. Oct 3-26. Mon-Fri 10am-6pm, Sat until 1pm.

INSTITUTE OF CONTEMPORARY ARTS

The Mall, SW1 (930 3647).

Stephen McKenna: Cityscapes & Landscapes. McKenna is an artist from Northern Ireland who has lived & worked largely abroad, spending much of his time in Brussels. His work shows influence by the great Belgian Surrealist René Magritte. Oct 11-Nov 10. 60p. Tues-Sun noon-9pm.

IVEAGH BEQUEST

Kenwood, Hampstead Lane, NW3 (348 1286).

Images of the Grand Tour—Louis Ducros (1748-1810). Some 80 items from Ducros's own studio collection in Lausanne show the European views in watercolour that made this Swiss-born topographical artist popular among British travellers of the 18th & 19th centuries. Until Oct 31. £1, concessions 50p, family ticket £1.50. Daily 10am-5pm (until 7pm in Sept).

ANNELY JUDA FINE ART/JUDA ROWAN GALLERY

11 Tottenham Mews, W1 (637 5517).

Three Decades of Contemporary Art: The 60s. The first part of an exhibition that celebrates important developments in art since 1960 shows Bridget Riley, William Turnbull & Andy Warhol, among others. Until Oct 19. The 70s. The second part has artists such as Christo, Barry Flanagan & Sean Scully. Oct 22-Nov 23. Mon-Fri 10am-6pm, Sat until 1pm.

LANGTON GALLERY

3 Langton St, SW10 (352 9150).

Sir David Low: Cartoons & Caricatures. A sale exhibition timed to coincide with the retrospective at the National Portrait Gallery. Oct 22-Nov 11. Tues-Sat 10am-6pm.

LEIGHTON HOUSE

12 Holland Park Rd, W14 (602 3316).

Miriam Sachs—Tapestries Old & New. Work often inspired by musical themes, which are expressed both in the imagery used & the actual weaving. Oct 21-Nov 2. Mon-Fri 11am-6pm, Sat until 5pm.

MONTPELIER STUDIO

4 Montpelier St, SW7 (584 0667).

Rachel Nicholson, recent paintings. Landscapes of Cornwall & Derbyshire & still lifes, from the daughter of Ben Nicholson & Barbara Hepworth, who started her painting career in 1975. Oct 10-30. Mon-Fri 10am-5.30pm, Sat until 1pm.

NATIONAL GALLERY

Trafalgar Sq, WC2 (839 3321).

The Artist's Eye: Francis Bacon. Bacon is a man of cultivated taste where the Old Masters are concerned. His choices of paintings in



Stephen McKenna is unmistakably a modern master. The Irish artist's paintings teem with direct quotations from the art of the past, as in *The Destruction of Actaeon* (detail), above. He is on show at the ICA and Edward Totah Gallery.

the Gallery's collection which have influenced his work, & his comments on them, should be fascinating. Oct 23-Dec 15. Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm.

NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY

St Martin's Pl. WC2 (930 1552).

Colonel Blimp & Friends: The Cartoons of Sir David Low 1891-1963. Colonel Blimp lives again—so, too, does that other immortal, the TUC carthorse. Low, a New Zealander, once described himself as "a nuisance dedicated to sanity". He published more than 14,000 drawings in a career which spanned 50 years & he was undoubtedly the leading satirical draughtsman of his day. Oct 25-Jan 12, 1986. Mon-Fri 10am-5pm, Sat until 6pm, Sun 2-6pm.

NEW GRAFTON GALLERY

49 Church Rd, Barnes, SW13 (748 8850).

Keith Vaughan (1912-77): Drawings & Paintings. One of two Vaughan exhibitions opening this month. See Thomas Agnew above. Oct 2-26. Tues-Sat 10am-5.30pm.

ON THE WALL

60 Chalk Farm Rd, NW1 (267 4223).

Modern Mythology—Paintings & Drawings by Malcolm Humble. Weird figures & birds placed in Arcadian landscapes give the artist's view of man's relationship with nature. Oct 18-Nov 7. Tues-Sun 10am-6pm.

QUINTON GREEN FINE ART

5/6 Cork St, W1 (734 9179).

Tessa Pullan: Sculptress of Animals. A life-size model of a horse lying down constructed from hundreds of wooden slats, wooden models of animal heads mounted on shields, plus small bronzes of dogs & horses. Tessa Pullan's work has received the attention of the celebrated American art patron, Paul Mellon. Oct 2-Nov 2. Mon-Fri 10am-5.30pm, Sat until 12.30pm.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS

Piccadilly, W1 (734 9052).

German Art in the 20th Century. See feature p87. Oct 11-Dec 22. £2.80, concessions & everybody on Sun until 1.45pm

£1.85, children £1.40. Daily 10am-6pm.

Upstairs Gallery (734 7763).

Andrew Macara. Parks, gardens, beach scenes & interiors, in oil, showing adults & children at play. Oct 9-19.

Tues-Fri 10am-6pm, Sat 11am-5pm.

SMITHS GALLERIES

33 Shelton St, WC2 (inquiries: 821 5323).

The Contemporary Art Society Market II. Last year the CAS sold more than 250 works, all priced at less than £500, at its first art market aimed at the small or novice collector. This year they hope to repeat their success with the same price limit of £500. Bought works can be taken away & will be immediately replaced by new stock. The artists have all been selected by the CAS, & there are many new & promising names. The sponsors are Sainsbury's. Oct 30-Nov 2. Wed-Sat 11am-8pm.

SPINK

King St, St James's, SW1 (930 7888).

Antumn Catalogue of English Water-colour Drawings. Annual exhibition consisting of up to 200 works from all periods & mainly in the lower price range. Sept 30-Oct 25. Mon-Fri 9.30am-5.30pm.

TATE GALLERY

Millbank, SW1 (821 1313).

Pound's Artists. A show with a fascinating theme. The poet Ezra Pound (1885-1972) was an enthusiast for the visual arts in his London period, & those whom he encouraged were mostly the Vorticists. Until Nov 10.

The Turner Prize. On this year's shortlist are Terry Atkinson, Tony Cragg, Ian Hamilton Finlay, Howard Hodgkin, Milena Kalinovska & John Walker. The £10,000 prize is awarded by the Patrons of New Art to the person assessed to have made the greatest contribution to art in Britain in the previous 12 months. Oct 17-Dec 1.

Mon-Sat 10am-5.50pm, Sun 2-5.50pm.

EDWARD TOTAL GALLERY

First floor, 13 Old Burlington St, W1 (734 0343).

Stephen McKenna. An addition to the exhibition of his work at the ICA with whom a joint catalogue has been produced. Oct 9-Nov 3. Mon 2-6pm, Tues-Fri 11am-6pm, Sat 10.30am-1pm.

WARWICK ARTS TRUST

33 Warwick Sq. SW1 (834 7856).

The Origins of the Romanesque. Photographs, plans, drawings & text are used to show the extent of Near Eastern influences on European art of the fourth to 12th centuries—as presented by V. I. Atroshenko & Judith Collins in a book published to coincide with the opening of the exhibition. Oct 2-Nov 24. Wed-Sun 10am-5pm.

WHITECHAPEL ART GALLERY

Whitechapel High St, E1 (377 0107).

Howard Hodgkin: 50 Paintings, 1973-1985. The rebuilt Whitechapel has chosen Hodgkin for its blockbuster reopening show. He is one of the few English artists who is currently a "must" for most international surveys. A very fine painter indeed, he is possibly tending to overstretch himself at the moment. Until Nov 3. Tues-Sun 11am-5pm, Wed until 8pm.

MUSEUMS

BRITISH MUSEUM

Gt Russell St, WC1 (636 1555).

Buddhism: Art & Faith. A comprehensive survey of Buddhism in all its varieties, organized jointly with the British Library, with much sculpture in stone, stucco, terracotta, ivory, wood & metal. Until Jan 5, 1986.

The Acropolis at Athens: Conservation, Restoration & Research. Shows how modern technology & archaeology have been harnessed in this work of conservation. Oct 3-Nov 17.

Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2.30-6pm.

GEOLOGICAL MUSEUM

Exhibition Rd, SW7 (589 3444).

Treasures of the Earth. A new permanent exhibition that shows how our lives depend on the earth's geological resources: press a button & discover where limestone & nickel are to be found in the kitchen; look at raw materials & the objects man has made from them. The use of micro-technology & display techniques in the exhibition enables visitors to probe for information on the subjects that interest them. Opens Oct 10. Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2.30-6pm.

GUNNERSBURY PARK MUSEUM

Gunnersbury Park, W3 (992 1612).

West London Craftsmen Group: Sixth Annual Exhibition. Works by a group of craftsmen whose various talents include batik, glass engraving, patchwork & embroidery, all for sale. Until Oct 13. Daily Mon-Fri 1-5pm, Sat, Sun 2-6pm.

HORNIMAN MUSEUM

London Rd, Forest Hill, SE23 (699 1872).

Tents: Peoples on the Move. The 150th anniversary of the birth of the museum's founder, Frederick J. Horniman, is celebrated in a year-long exhibition which explores how different peoples throughout the world use tents as homes or as shelter, including the Plains Indians of North America, the nomadic Tuareg of the Sahara & climber Chris Bonington on his Himalayan expeditions. Opens Oct 8. Mon-Sat 10.30am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm.

MUSEUM OF LONDON

London Wall, EC2 (600 3699).

The Making of Modern London, 1914-39. The reminiscences of Londoners brought

to light in a competition run by London Weekend Television & Schweppes. History groups & schools competing produced projects on the meat trade in Walthamstow, the opium trade in Limehouse & the importance of wash day, illustrated with photographs, documents & maps, & with audio cassettes. Until Nov 10. Now the War is Over. The optimism & idealism, as well as the harsh realities, of the years 1945-51 evoked in an exhibition timed to coincide with a BBC television series of the same name, also this autumn. Until Dec 31. Tues-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm.

NATIONAL ARMY MUSEUM

Royal Hospital Rd, SW3 (730 0717).

Jubilee Silver. A 25th anniversary celebration for the Museum, which was granted its Royal Charter in 1960, brings out much magnificent military silver. Until Dec 31.

Soldiers: A History of Men in Battle. An exhibition mounted in association with the current BBC1 series shows the worlds of the infantryman, gunner, cavalryman, tank crew & sapper through paintings, uniforms, weapons & lifesize models. A nerve-wracking walk through a minefield gives visitors the chance of experiencing the battlefield. Until Dec 31.

Mon-Sat 10am-5.30pm, Sun 2-5.30pm.

OXFORD COUNTY MUSEUM

Fletcher's House, Woodstock (inquiries: 01-580 6952).

Engraved Glass by the Guild of Glass Engravers. Selected works by the best of British engravers include montages of coloured glass, cullet engraved so that the image appears to float within the glass, & more traditional items such as stippleengraved goblets depicting floral & rural scenes. Oct 8-31. Tues-Fri 10am-4pm, Sat until 5pm, Sun 2-5pm.

VICTORIA & ALBERT MUSEUM

Cromwell Rd, SW7 (589 6371).

Shots of Style: Great Fashion Photographs Chosen by David Bailey. Major exhibition of 20th-century fashion photography from the pages of the glossies. Oct 9-Jan 19, 1986. Sat-Thurs 10am-5.50pm, Sun 2,30-5,50pm.

Craft Shop (589 5070).

Michael Rowe-metalwork. Sculptural hollow wares fashioned from sheet metal, usually brass, & finished with special patinating techniques which produce surprising colours. Oct 5-24.

Sat 10am-5.30pm, Mon-Thurs until 5.40pm, Sun 2.30-5.30pm.

LECTURES

BRITISH MUSEUM

Gt Russell St, WC1 (636 1555).

The Acropolis at Athens. Three specialists involved in the conservation, restoration & research work currently being undertaken on the buildings of the Acropolis lecture on The History of the Acropolis since the 17th century (A. Tanoulas, Oct 8), The Acropolis-technical problems & work in progress (K. Zambas, Oct 9) & The conservation plan for the Parthenon (M. Korres, Oct 10). All at 6.15pm.

LONDON COLLEGE OF PRINTING

Elephant & Castle, SE1 (735 8484, ext 346). Famous Buildings of London. A series of lectures, Tues at 6pm, (Oct 1-Dec 10), presented by art historian Launce Gribbon, serves as an introduction to the appreciation of architecture through the study of certain major buildings: Hampton Court, English Renaissance (Oct 1); Charlton House, Jacobean fantasy (Oct 8); Ham House, a fully furnished Restoration house (Oct 15): Chelsea Hospital, dignity for veterans (Oct 22); St Paul's, the Protestant answer to Rome (Oct 29); Greenwich, late Baroque in England (Nov 5); Chiswick House, Palladian architecture (Nov 12); Osterley Park, neoclassical elegance (Nov 19); Strawberry Hill, the Gothic style (Nov 25); The Houses of Parliament, Parliament's palace (Dec 3); & St Pancras Railway Station, the railway terminus—a new problem in architecture (Dec 10). Single lecture £3, 2-3 £6.50, 4-6 £9.50, 7-12 £12. Applications necessary.

NATIONAL ART-COLLECTIONS FUND

Venue: Millbank Tower, SW1

Lecture & film season 1985. The success of the first NACF film season has prompted a new series expanded to include lectures by artists, film producers, collectors & experts, Mon at 6.30pm (refreshments at 6pm). Joan Bakewell opens with an introductory talk on The Arts & the Media, followed by a film on Graham Sutherland (Oct 7). William Morris & Julia Margaret Cameron provide the subjects of films (Oct 14), & Jean-Auguste-Dominique Ingres, 1780-1867 & Jean-Louis-André-Théodore Géricault, 1791-1824 (Oct 21). Illustrated slide lectures are given by Malcolm Baker of the V&A on Sculpture & the 18th-century English country house & by Gillian Darley, architectural historian, on The 18th-century planned village (Oct 28). Details of the season, which continues until Dec 9, from NACF, 20 John Islip St, SW1P 4LL (821 0404). £2.75 (season ticket £20).

NATIONAL SOUND ARCHIVE

Venue: 160 Wardour St, W1 (589 6603).

A Celebration of the Centenary of Ezra Pound. Speaker Eric Mottram, Professor of American Literature at King's College, London, explores the work of Pound using rare archive recordings of some early readings. Oct 10, 7.30pm. Tickets £2, in advance only from NSA, 29 Exhibition Rd, SW7.

SALEROOMS

Montpelier St, SW7 (584 9161).

Georgian objects. Furniture, paintings, silver, clocks & jewelry from George III's reign—the Age of Elegance. Oct 23,24, 10.30am & 2pm.

CHRISTIE'S

8 King St, SW1 (839 9060).

Jewelry. First jewelry sale of the season will feature an important Edwardian diamond tiara estimated at £250,000, Oct 2, 11am.

Art. Studio sale of the work of Colin Middleton (1910-83), Expressionist & Surrealist painter born in Belfast, Oct 5, 10.30am.

Theatre charity. Charity auction in aid of the Combined Theatrical Charities Appeals Council includes theatrical memorabilia, among them a scarf designed by Cecil Beaton for a production of Lady Windermere's Fan, a Gerald du Maurier walking stick that converts into an umbrella, & a design by Clive Francis for a poster of Laurence Olivier as Richard III. Oct 15, 7pm.

Clocks & watches. Includes historic marine chronometer by James Muirhead of Glasgow used by the chief astronomer of the Oregon expedition of 1858 along the 49th parallel between the United States & Canada. Oct 16,

PHILLIPS

7 Blenheim St, W1 (629 6602).

Paintings. Modern Continental pictures include a Salvador Dali drawing & some minor Impressionists. Oct 1, 11am.

Prints. 240 lots include some fine railway prints, London topography & a panorama of London, from Westminster to Greenwich, from an Illustrated London News wood engraving of 1842. Oct 7, 2pm.

PenGuin Books. Sale to mark the publisher's 50th anniversary will include first edition Penguins & many signed copies. Oct 24, 10.30am & 1pm.

SOTHEBY'S

34/35 New Bond St, W1 (493 8080).

Toys & dolls. Includes a George II wooden

10.30am Aldeburgh charity. Charity auction in aid of

doll of c 1760 & some rare French & German

dolls of the 19th & 20th centuries. Oct 1,

the Aldeburgh Foundation includes donations by Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, John Piper, Elisabeth Frink & Sidney Nolan, & a Rodin bronze & Constable cloud study in oils given by Peter Pears & the Britten-Pears Foundation. Oct 8, 8pm.

Victorian drawings & watercolours. 150 drawings by Holman Hunt, on loan to the Ashmolean at Oxford for many years, will be the main attraction. Oct 10, 11am.

Sheldon collection. Jewelry, silver, Fabergé & objects of vertu, from the collection of John Sheldon, of Bentley & Co, the Bond Street jewellers, includes some fine jewelry by Carlo Giuliano. The sale is expected to total about £1,500,000. Oct 24, 2.30pm; 28, 11am; 29, 11am & 2.30pm.

SPINE

King St, SW1 (930 7888).

Coins. Three rare 1937 Edward VIII coinsa half-crown, shilling & sixpence-minted, but never issued because of the King's abdication, are the highlights of this coin auction. Oct 9, 10am & 2pm.

CHILDREN

BARBICAN

Silk St, EC2 (628 8795, 638 8891, cc).

Teddy Bears at Half-Term. A holiday jamboree with the London Concert Orchestra, Fraser Goulding conducting, & guest appearances by Winnie the Pooh, Rupert Bear, The Three Bears & other cuddly creatures. Programme favourites include Brandon's Teddy Bears' Picnic, Strauss's Cuckoo Waltz & Rossini's William Tell Galop. Oct 21, 2.30pm. £5.50, or £3.80 if accompanied by a bear.

CHELSEA OLD TOWN HALL

King's Rd, SW3

Sunshine Fair. An annual event in aid of the Sunshine Fund for blind babies & young children popular for its many stalls-including secondhand children's clothes, plus books, toys & gifts-sideshows & refreshments. Oct 30, 11am-4pm. 30p, children

FAIRFIELD HALLS

Croydon (688 9291).

The Young Person's Guide to the Orchestra with the London Symphony Orchestra opens the 1985/86 season of Saturday morning concerts for children & parents that were started here 20 years ago by conductor Arthur Davison. Oct 19, 11am. The seven concerts in the series are given once a month until May 17. £1.75-£2.50 (season ticket £9.50-£12.50).

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE

Rosebery Ave, EC1 (278 8916/20 cc).

The Gingerbread Man. A seventh season for David Wood's musical fantasy for children of primary school age about life on a kitchen dresser, in a production by the Whirligig national touring children's theatre. Oct 8-12. Tues, Thurs 10.30am & 2pm, Wed, Fri 10.30am, Sat 11am & 2pm. £2.75-£5.50.

Contributors: Angela Bird, Margaret Davies, Liz Falla, Frank Keating, Edward Lucie-Smith, George Perry, Ursula Robertshaw, Peter Robinson, J. C. Trewin, Penny Watts-Russell. Information is correct at time of going to press. Add 01- in front of London telephone numbers if calling from outside the capital.



Clive Francis's poster design of Laurence Olivier as Richard III for sale at Christie's.

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What makes Botha move?



South African politics, unlike its climate, seem constantly to be shrouded in fog. The violence is certainly visible, though it may be more widely reported outside the country than within; but when political moves are made it is often difficult to see the direction in which they are going. President Pieter Botha, after plunging the country into a financial crisis by failing to announce expected reforms in his much heralded Durban speech, subsequently put forward, at a less well reported party meeting in Bloemfontein, reforms which seem to dismantle part of the fundamental structure of the policy of apartheid. His proposals included the restoration of South African citizenship to the millions of black people in independent homelands, the withdrawal of influx control limiting the movement of blacks into white towns, and the substitution of uniform identity documents for all citizens in place of the pass system. The abolition of the pass laws, which force blacks to carry passbooks at all times and which have been the source of much harassment, has been recommended by a committee of the President's Advisory Council.

If these reforms come about they will represent a substantial move away from apartheid. The doubt arises partly from the fact that previously announced reforms in South Africa have not always been fulfilled, at least not in the form in which they seemed to have been promised, and partly because any recognizable retreat from apartheid will undoubtedly arouse increasing opposition among the solid core of National Party supporters. In political terms a step away from apartheid probably means that Mr Botha will feel compelled to maintain a tough stance against the persistent violence in the black townships, which has become much more widespread and much harder to contain than the fierce but isolated outbreaks of Sharpeville in 1960 and Soweto in 1976, and to remain unresponsive to demands for the release of Nelson Mandela and for negotiations with those who represent the blacks.

But Mr Botha can no longer afford to operate only in South African political terms. What made him move this time was the sudden collapse of the rand, brought about not so much by the imposition of sanctions by

foreign governments, including those of the United States and European Economic Community countries (except Britain), which are limited and thus unlikely to be effective, but by the reaction of overseas investors and financiers—especially American—in the money markets. This in turn stimulated a response in the South African business community. The businessmen have been calling for negotiations with black leaders, and have sent some of their number to meet leaders of the African National Congress in exile in Zambia. These pressures for political reform are unlikely to relax until confidence is restored, and it is hard to see that happening until the apartheid is abandoned.

There are some who believe that this will be achieved only by violent revolution, but in the last resort South Africans seem to be realists. A recent poll showed that more than 60 per cent of the whites in the country accept that apartheid would cease to exist within 10 years. There may not be that much time, but if that is what the majority of white voters believe, then the end of apartheid could be political rather than revolutionary.

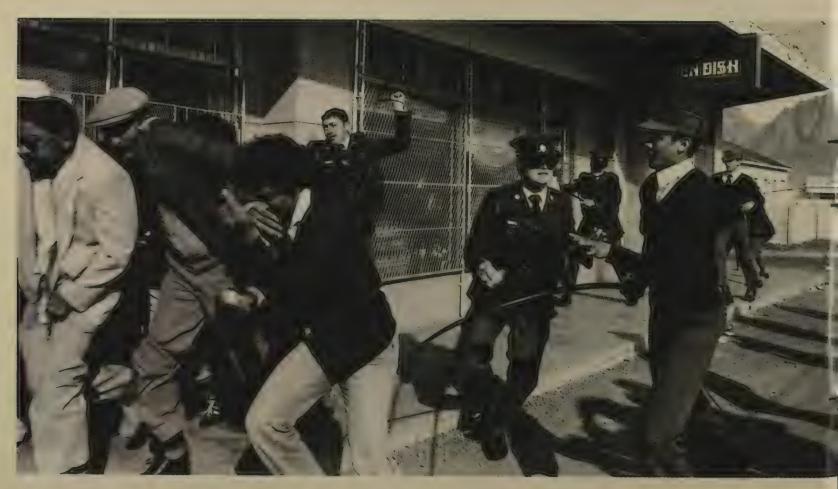
The crisis in focus

Photographer Ian Berry has been covering South Africa since the Sharpeville shootings of 1960. Only 18 months ago he was able to work unmolested in Soweto township. The situation now is utterly different, he found. Where previously there had been isolated episodes of violence, it was now general, with outbreaks even in rural areas. In any black township he felt lucky not to get a brick through his car windscreen, which happened twice. Blacks were reluctant to accompany him in case they were taken for police informers. Yet the white population remained largely ignorant of the death and destruction: only when blacks were killing each other was there any coverage on TV or radio. Once, after Berry had been caught up in a major clash with police, the main radio news item was a visit by President Botha to a pig farm in one of the Bantustans. When told personally about what was happening, whites were incredulous. Only the fall of the rand was bringing home the truth.



Wedding party in Hyde Park, a Johannesburg suburb: the happy couple—the groom was Jewish, the bride Afrikaaner—dance by the swimming pool.

Media censorship ensures that whites are spared scenes such as police dispersing the intended march on Pollsmoor prison, where Nelson Mandela is held, or the triple funeral at Soweto of blacks killed at a previous funeral.



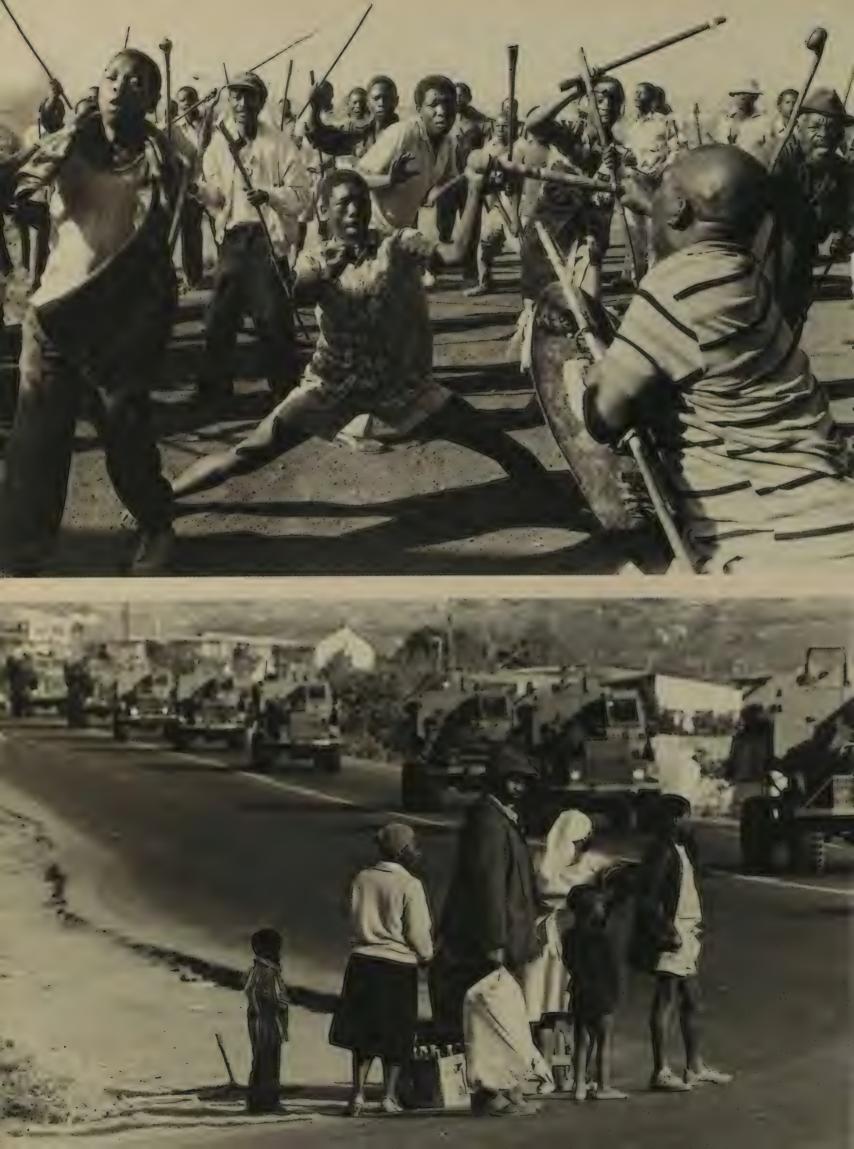








Black moderates like Bishop Tutu, seen speaking at a funeral in Daveyton township near Johannesburg, have had difficulty restraining militant blacks. A black policeman was murdered by the crowd at the funeral of the assassinated black woman lawyer Victoria Mxenge. Asians, too, have suffered. Their women-folk mourn relatives killed by Zulus in Durban, where the Gandhi settlement was looted.





Show of force: Zulus working themselves up to attack the Asian community.

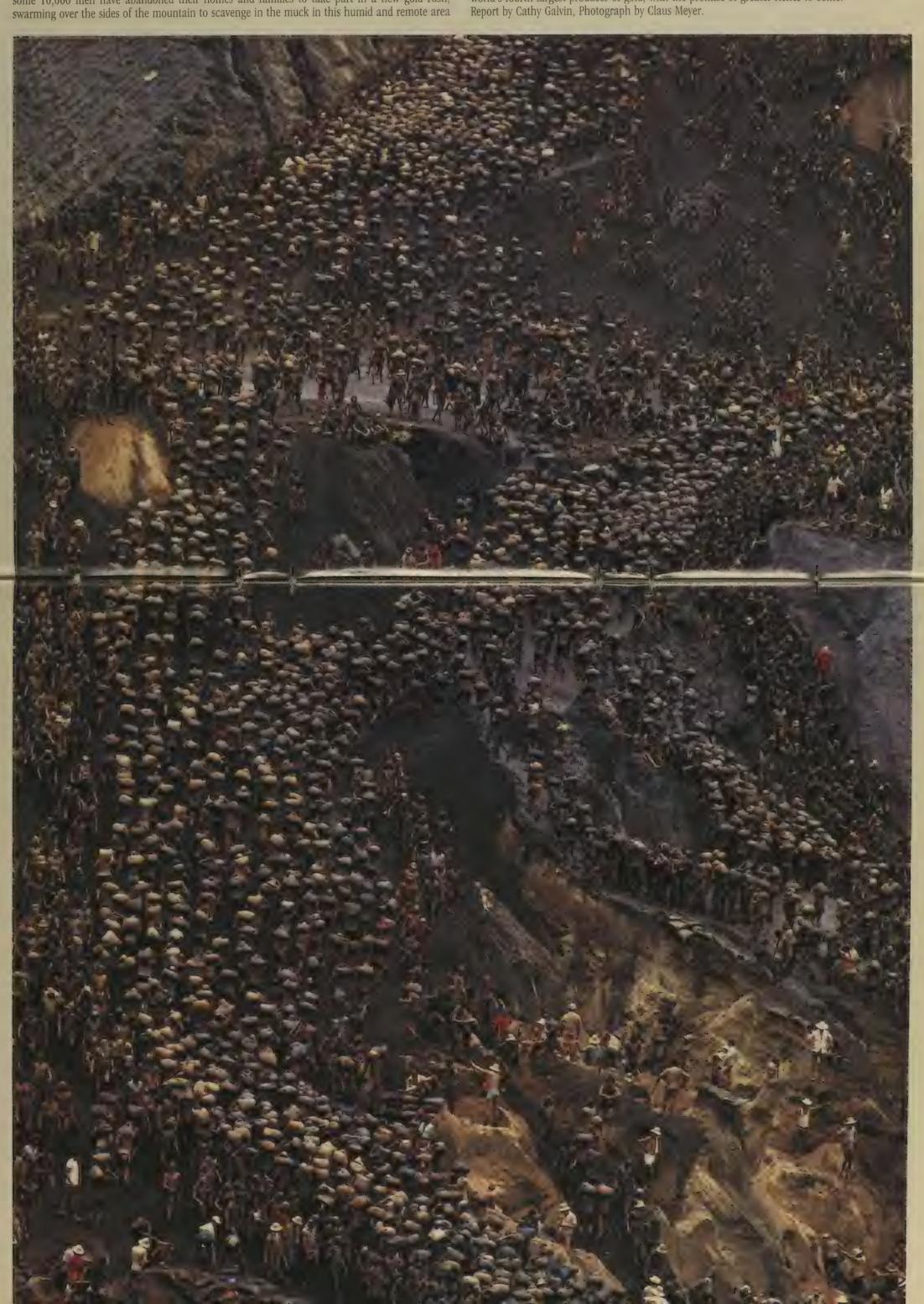
Bewildered families have been swept up into the violence—a group of Zulus at Inanda township, outside Durban, watches an armed column roll by. As the violence spreads, the whites prepare to defend themselves: at the Rivonia Pistol Club in a suburb of Johannesburg a woman member has "rescued" a mock hostage and holds her .45 pistol at the ready.

THE NEW GOLD RUSH

Five years ago a nugget of gold was discovered on the Serra Pelada mountain of Brazil. Since then some 10,000 men have abandoned their homes and families to take part in a new gold rush, swarming over the sides of the mountain to scavenge in the muck in this humid and remote area

on the edge of the Amazon jungle. Despite the primitive conditions they have turned Brazil into the world's fourth largest producer of gold, with the promise of greater riches to come.

Report by Cathy Galvin, Photograph by Claus Meyer.



ke every gold rush before it, in California, Australia, South Africa and Alaska, this latest wave of gold fever is taking a great toll in human misery. The conditions in which the men work are as bad as, if not worse than, those endured by their fellow miners in the 19th century, for the men insist on digging by hand for nuggets of gold. although sophisticated machinery could do the work more swiftly and efficiently. The men want to make their fortunes through their own labours-and have made that violently clear in a series of riots against their enemies, the giant mining companies, who are poised to take over. But, for now, the men are on their

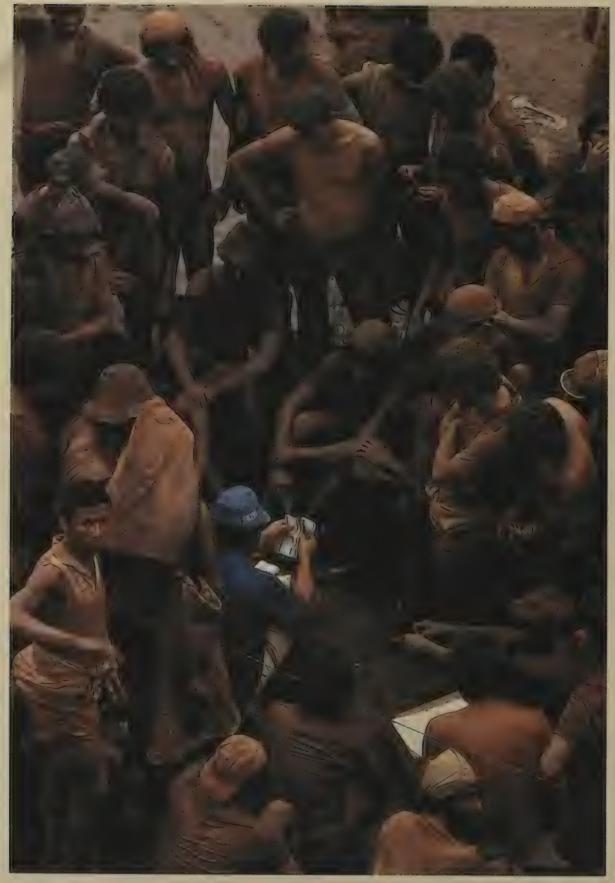
There is no shortage of labour: the poor from all over Brazil flock to the mountain for the chance to work as a garimpeiro (miner). Most are illiterate peasants from the state of Maranhão and during the rainy winter they return to their families and small plots of land. Of the remaining 40 per cent, there is a huge cross-section of speculators from every walk of lifeartisans, barbers, shopkeepers, doctors and dentists are all needed to service this small, thriving community-and a variety of fortuneseekers, most of whom have never been involved in mining before, have been drawn by the promise of adventure.

It is abrave but tragic struggle. In a marky sea of blues, greys and browns—where the miners merge with the fifth of their surroundings—the only wid colours belong to the clean shirts of the men they work for. Everything is clammy and wet the Serra Pelada mountain, which once stood 300 metres high, has been flattened, and digging has reached the water table.

Using only shovels and picks, and sometimes their bare hands the men have extracted more than 30 tons of the finest gold in just five years. The price they pay is easy to see. There are no health or safery regulations, and accidents are frequent. Precarious wooden ladders cannot always support the men, who carry sackloads of gravel weighing from 25 to 40 kilograms in consecutive journeys for 12 hours a day. And, without proper props, landslides are common. Two years ago 70 men were buried and 19 killed when a mudbank collapsed.

Shacks have been thrown up as shelter around the mines, but most are ramshackle structures made up of plastic, broken wood and bits of corrugated iron; and the men sleep on their sticky, damp floors. The strains of living in these conditions are enormous, and in the mine there is a tangible undercurrent of **>> to a to make the conditions are enormous, and in the mine there is a tangible undercurrent of **>> to a to make the conditions are enormous, and in the mine there





Brazil's garimpeiros gather round on pay day to receive their rewards in modern currency.

» menace. In the early days anarchy prevailed and there were shoot-outs as men argued over claims and women. Then the military stepped in and cleared the Serra Pelada of women, alcohol and gaming, and set up supermarkets where the miners could buy fresh food, vitamins, medicines, non-alcoholic drinks and clothes. A blue-movie cinema has also been provided. For the men who can afford to

get away, a huge shanty town 30 kilometres from the camp provides prostitutes, alcohol and gaming, but it is a violent, nightmarish place where the men who have scraped away at the barren mountain-face for month after month are tempted to spend everything they have earned.

On the mountain life remains brutal and hazardous. Men will work until they drop and mining folklore has it that the *garimpeiros* will leave their claims only on a stretcher. The first ones measured an average of 10 by 20 metres, but as more people crowded into the Serra Pelada searching for gold the dimensions of each one were reduced. Today federal law dictates that each claim, or *barranco*, should measure 2 by 3 metres. Any prospector who owns such a patch may dig as deep as he wishes—hence—the—treacherous journeys made deep into the crater

of the mountain. There are now 4,000 such *barrancos* being worked, with 10 men or more working on each claim, heaving the dirt away to be washed for traces of gold. And as each team finishes an arduous shift, another is ready to take over.

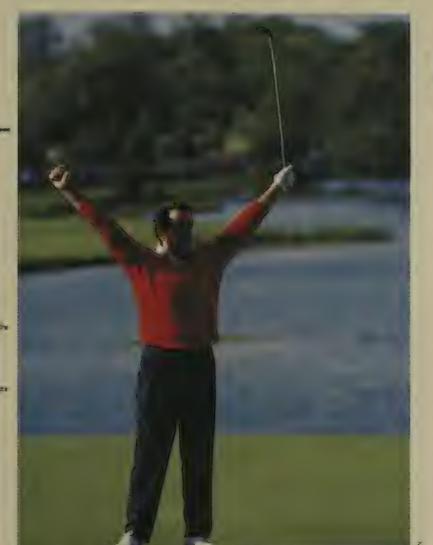
It has also become increasingly difficult to stake a claim. Whereas once they were distributed on a lottery basis, today the gold prospectors have formed their own co-operative and any newcomer must first win their approval. Since most men will never own a claim, they come to work for one of the established prospectors until they can buy a patch of land from someone who has lost his fortune. It can be a long wait.

But those men who do strike gold become the stuff of legends. It is their extreme wealth that perpetuates the myth of the new El Dorado. All the miners know such heroes of Serra Pelada as Marlon Pidde. Now 31, he employs more than 1,000 people in his mining, ranching and water-pump production companies. He has built an empire on the 3 tons of gold he has extracted from the mountain. On the other hand, there is Parazinho, who made a lucky strike and dug up 600 kilograms of gold in just three days. Then he went on a spree, buying villas, cars, women and jewelry until he had spent the lot. Now he is back on the mine, determined to do the same again.

There is a five-tiered structure underlying the chaos of the mines. At the top of the pile is the claimowner, who does not always make enormous profits. He may be heavily in debt to the creditors who gave him enough cash to register his claim in the first place and, beneath him, he must support up to 20 men. He must pay his supplier to provide the men with housing, clothes, tools and food, and there is probably at least one partner working for a percentage of the profits. Then there are the men who work for a small percentage of the gold, and the human ants struggling for their daily pay.

Few are as lucky as Marlon Pidde and Parazinho, and the small finds of gold they do make have often to be traded for water and food.

The precarious but adventurous life of the garimpeiros is unlikely to last much longer. They are protected by law until 1987, but after that the big mining companies will be free to move in to the Serra Pelada, and it is believed that much precious gold is waiting to be extracted from mines deeper than the small-timers have been able to dig. Mining companies maintain that digging by hand is only 60 per cent efficient, whereas their mechanical methods will secure 90 per cent returns. Although the prospectors have formed a co-operative they can hardly hope to compete with the big Brazilian companies, so with less than two years to go, the old-style gold rush of the Serra Pelada must soon be at an end.



Europe wins the Ryder Cup

The European team, composed of seven Britons, four Spaniards, and one West German, beat the American team by $16\frac{1}{2}$ points to $11\frac{1}{2}$ at the end of three days' golf at the Belfry to win the Ryder Cup. It was only the fourth time the Americans had been beaten since the contest began in 1927, and the first for 28 years, and was thus an occasion of exceptional jubilation.

The cup was won when Sam Torrance, left, sank an 18 foot putt for a birdie on the final green.

Members of the team celebrating on the roof are (left to right) Ian Woosnam, Howard Clark, Seve Ballesteros, Torrance, with the non-playing captain, Tony Jacklin, on his shoulders, Paul Way and Bernhard Langer. The other members of the team were Nick Faldo, Manuel Pinero, Jose Cannizares, Ken Brown, Jose Rivero and Sandy Lyle.



England regain the Ashes

England beat Australia in the series of six Test matches by 3 to 1, with two drawn. In the final contest at the Oval, England, batting first, scored 464 (Gooch 196, Gower 157) and then dismissed Australia for 241 and 129 to win by an innings and 94 runs, having won the previous Test by an innings and 118.



As England's captain, David Gower (below) had a triumphant series, scoring 732 runs off his own bat as well as leading his team to victory. The Australian captain, Alan Border (at the crease, above) was his country's most successful batsman, and Mike Gatting (attempting the catch) was top of the English batting averages.





Ian Botham, though unsuccessful with the bat, was in great form in the field, taking 31 wickets in the series and holding some remarkable catches, such as this one to dismiss Lawson off the bowling of Taylor.

FOR THE RECORD

Monday, August 12

A Japanese Boeing 747 carrying 524 passengers and crew crashed into a mountainside west of Tokyo, the worst ever accident involving a single aircraft. Four survivors were rescued from the wreckage.

At least 16 people were killed when Christian and Muslim militiamen shelled residential districts of Beirut

Tuesday, August 13

A state government minister and two officials in the West German wine-growing state of Rheinland Palatinate were dismissed following the revelation that German and Austrian wines had been doctored with diethylene glycol, a chemical used in the manufacture of anti-freeze.

Wednesday, August 14

A car bomb killed 15 people and injured more than 120 in a Christian suburb of east Beirut.

The chemical company Union Carbide's plant at South Charleston, West Virginia, spilled 1,000 gallons of Ucon, a hydraulic brake fluid, isopropanol, a solvent, and sulphuric acid into the Kanawha river. O August 27 the company announced that an unknown quantity of hydrochloric acid had leaked out of the same plant.

The breakaway Nottinghamshire Union of Mineworkers sacked its president, Ray Chadburn, who had not supported the area's policy during or after the pit strike.

Thursday, August 15

A 10pm—4am curfew was intposed on the largest black township in South Africa, Soweto, outside Johannesburg, after five people were killed in clashes following a speech by President P. W. Botha to the Natal congress of the ruling National Party in Durban in which he dashed hopes of major changes to apartheid policies.

The powerboat Virgin Atlantic Challenger capsized and sank some 100 miles west of its finishing point in the Scilly Isles during its attempt to break the Atlantic speed-crossing record.

Building societies announced a cut of 1.25 per cent in mortgage rates to 12.75 per cent.

Iraqi jets attacked and extensively damaged oil-loading jetties, storage tanks and ships at Iran's Kharg Island terminal.

Friday, August 16

British Rail sacked 147 train guards at its Glasgow depot. They had been on strike to protest against the introduction of driveronly trains.

Iran's President Ali Khameni was' reelected for a second successive term of office.

Saturday, August 17

54 people were killed and 120 injured when a car-bomb exploded in a busy shopping centre in Christian East Beirut. Two days later about 29 were killed and 82 wounded in retaliatory car bombings of Muslim areas of the city, and in the following days, as the conflict escalated, another 200 were killed and 860 wounded.

Tamil representatives walked out of peace talks with the Sri Lankan government in Thimpu, Bhutan.

The English soccer season began without radio or television coverage: the broadcasting authorities had failed to negotiate terms.

Sunday, August 18

114 died when a ferry sank near the city of Harbin, north-east China.

Britain's women's athletics team came third and the men's team fourth in the European cup final in Moscow. British gold medallists were Steve Cram (1,500 metres), Zola Budd (3,000 metres), Tom McKean (800 metres) and John Herbert (Triple Jump).

Sandy Lyle won the Benson & Hedges Open Golf title.

Monday, August 19

200 jobs were lost at Austin Rover's factory at Longbridge to enable production to be cut by 10 per cent.



Two brothers were burned to death, 45 shops were destroyed and firemen were petrol bombed in about six hours of rioting and looting behind blazing barricades made from overturned cars in Lozells Road, Handsworth, Birmingham, on September 9.

The Earl of Avon, son of the former Prime Minister Anthony Eden, died aged 54. **Tuesday, August 20**

The moderate Sikh leader of the Punjabi, Akali Dal Party, Sant Harchand Singh Longowal, was killed by four Sikh extremists at a shrine in Sherpur.

England beat Australia by an innings and 118 runs in the fifth test at Egbaston.

Wednesday, August 21

Sir Freddie Laker agreed to accept a £5.7 million settlement of his claim against 12 companies which he alleged had conspired to put Laker Airways out of business.

Thursday, August 22

54 people died and 81 escaped when a British Airtours Boeing 737 bound for Corfu burst into flames during its takeoff from Manchester Airport. The fire was blamed on a combustion chamber in the burner area, and British Airways subsequently grounded 22 aircraft with Pratt & Whitney engines for checking.

Robert Maxwell suspended publication of the London editions of *The Mirror, Sunday Mirror* and *Sunday People* and *The Sporting Life* because of a dispute with the print union the National Graphical Association. An agreement was reached 11 days later and production resumed on September 2.

Friday, August 23

A senior West German counter-espionage official, Hans Joachim Tiedge, defected to East Berlin. A secretary in the West German president's office was later arrested on suspicion of spying for East Germany. On August 28 the Chancellor dismissed the head of the Federal Intelligence Service, Heribert Hellenbroich, and German couples in Britain and Switzerland were arrested charged with spying for East Germany. On August 29 the second-ranking East German diplomat in Argentina defected to the West.

Police and troops arrested about 500 black school children in Soweto, in an attempt to break a boycott of schools.

Saturday, August 24

A five-year-old boy was accidentally shot dead by police during a raid on a flat in Birmingham in a search for armed robbers.

Sunday, August 25

Uganda's prime minister, Paulo Muwanga, was dismissed three weeks after taking the office in the wake of a military coup. He was replaced by Abraham Waligo, the finance

Monday, August 26

A report commissioned by President Mitterrand of France cleared the French government and security services of responsibility for the sinking of the Greenpeace ship Rainbow Warrior in Auckland harbour in July, David Lange, New Zealand's Prime Minister, condemned the report, said he would demand an official apology and threatened to expel the French amabassador.

Zola Budd broke the women's 5,000 metres world record in a time of 14 minutes 48.07 seconds.

Tuesday, August 27

The South African authorities suspended trading on the stock exchange and currency markets to protect the rand after it fell its lowest ever level against the dollar. On September 1 the government imposed a four-month freeze on all repayments of capital on foreign loans and introduced exchange controls to discourage withdrawals of foreign investments.

Nigeria's 20-month-old military government was overthrown in a *coup* led by Major-General Ibrahim Babangida.

Britain's balance of payments improved in July to a surplus of £444 million, the deficit of visible trade falling to £56 million. **Wednesday, August 28**

Four people were shot dead and 11 injured in one of Cape Town's black townships when police and troops stopped a march demanding the release of black leader Nelson Mandela. Dr Allan Boesak, leader of the World Council of Reformed Churches, had been arrested to prevent him leading the march. Renewed rioting spread through Cape townships and at least 21 people were killed in clashes between police and blacks bringing the death toll for the year to more

Friday, August 30

More than one million people were evacuated from the Gulf coast of the USA after a hurricane alert was put out over 350 miles of coastline. Hurricane Elena came ashore in Mississippi on September 2 but caused less damage than had been feared.

About 15 armed dissidents in southern Zimbabwe killed 17 black men, women and children in two attacks.

Saturday, August 31

43 people were killed and 38 seriously injured when an express train jumped the rails in central France and was hit by a mail train travelling in the opposite direction. The driver of the train admitted that he had been travelling at 60mph in a 20mph restricted area and was charged with manslaughter the following day.

Sunday, September 1

Two white South Africans were killed and two injured when attacked by black rioters after a mass funeral at the Eastern Cape township of Duncan Village.

120 prisoners at Spike Island Jail, Cork Harbour, Ireland, destroyed about three quarters of the prison in a day of rioting in protest against overcrowding.

Monday, September 2

Mrs Thatcher announced a Cabinet reshuffle in which Leon Brittan was appointed Trade and Industry Secretary and Douglas Hurd promoted to Home Secretary in his place. Tom King succeeded Hurd as Northern Ireland Secretary and Norman Tebbit became Conservative Party Chairman.

A joint French-US expedition announced that it had discovered the wreck of the *Titanic* 560 miles off Newfoundland at a depth of 13,120 feet.

The retirement of Pol Pot, commanderin-chief of the Khmer Rouge Army, was announced on Cambodian radio.

England won the sixth test against Australia at the Oval by an innings and 94 runs to take the Ashes series by 3 Tests to 1, with 2 drawn.

Baroness Sharp died, aged 81.

Tuesday, September 3

19 British tourists, seven of them deaf and dumb, were injured in a grenade attack on the swimming pool of a hotel near Athens. The Revolutionary Organization for Socialist Muslims claimed responsibility.

Jeffrey Archer, novelist and former MP, was appointed deputy chairman of the Conservative Party.

Tamil guerrillas killed two moderate Tamil politicians in the Northern Province of Sri Lanka

Wednesday, September 4

Sikh extremists shot dead Arjun Dass, a leading member of India's ruling Congress (I) Party, in New Delhi. Three other people die in attacks intended to disrupt the Punjab elections of September 23 and another Congress (I) politician was shot dead in the Punjab on September 8.

Kaman Hassan Ali resigned as Prime Minister of Egypt and was replaced by Ali Lufti, a former finance minister.

The IRA mortar-bombed a police station in Enniskillen, Northern Ireland, injuring 30 people.

Gary Kasparov beat Anatoly Karpov, the world chess champion, in the first match of their revived world chess championship series.

Thursday, September 5

White residents of South African Cape towns formed vigilante groups to fight off bands of coloured and black South Africans who were alleged to have attacked homes in the suburbs of Kranifontein near Cape Town, and Amalinda, near East London on the Eastern Cape.

A High Court judge ordered the reinstatement of Ray Honeyford, the Bradford headmaster suspended for criticizing Bradford City Council's multi-racial education policy.

Friday, September 6

The TUC Congress ended in Blackpool after averting the suspension of the Amalgamated Union of Engineering Workers, which agreed to a further ballot of its members in which they would be advised that a vote to accept government money for ballots would lead to suspension from the TUC.

A DC9 airliner crashed after taking off from Milwaukee, Wisconsin, killing all 31 passengers on board.

42 people were killed in less than 36 hours as fighting between Shi'ite Amal mill-tiamen and Palestinian guerrillas spread from the Muslim area of Beirut to refugee camps around the city.

The South African government shut down about 500 schools for 350,000 mixed race

children in the Western Cape Province saying it could no longer ensure their safety.

Saturday, September 7

A black man was shot dead in riots in the Guguletu township near Cape Town after the funerals of 10 previous victims of the unrest

Essex beat Nottingham by one run to win the Nat-West cricket trophy.

Sunday, September 8

Ivan Lendl beat John McEnroe in the men's final of the US Open tennis championships in New York. The women's final was won by Hana Mandlikova, who beat the holder Martina Navratilova.

Monday, September 9

President Reagan imposed a series of limited economic sanctions on South Africa, including bans on certain sales of computers and nuclear technology and on US loans except those for all-race projects.

An attempted military *coup* in Bangkok, Thailand, in which four people, including two journalists, were killed, was quelled by government forces after 10 hours.

80 Labour councillors in Lambeth and Liverpool were ordered to pay personal surcharges of between £2,162 and £3,967 each for delaying the fixing of rates.

Tuesday, September 10

Britain blocked joint EEC measures to increase trade and cultural sanctions against South Africa by banning the sales of arms, paramilitary equipment and oil.

The Norwegian centre-right coalition government was re-elected with a majority of one seat over the Labour opposition.

Sir Geoffrey Howe, the Foreign Secretary, arrived in Nigeria for a two-day official visit, and was the first senior Western minister to meet the country's new military leaders.

André Chadeau, president of the French railways, SNCF, resigned at the government's request after taking responsibility for rail accidents during the year in which 84 people had been killed.

Wales and Scotland drew 1-1 in the World Cup soccer qualifying match at Cardiff. The Scottish team manager, Jock Stein, 62, collapsed and died of a heart attack at the end of the match

Wednesday, September 11

President P. W. Botha announced that South African citizenship would be restored to more than eight million black citizens of tribal "homelands".

At least 46 people were killed and 100 injured when an express train collided with a local train in Viseu, northern Portugal.

The Furonean Parliament in Strasbourn

The European Parliament in Strasbourg ratified terms of EEC membership for Spain and Portugal from January 1, 1986.

England drew 1-1 with Rumania in their world cup qualifying match at Wembley.

Thursday, September 12

Oleg Gordievsky, the London head of the KGB, defected to Britain and identified 25 Soviet spies who were ordered to leave the country within three weeks.

A South African government advisory committee recommended the abolition of the country's "pass laws" regulating the movements of blacks in white areas, substituting national identity cards for all citizens.

Friday, September 13

The US successfully tested a weapon designed to destroy space satellites.

UK inflation in August showed a decline in the annual rate from 6.9 per cent to 6.2 per cent

South African business leaders and members of the African National Congress guerrilla group met for talks in Zambia.

Saturday, September 14
25 British embassy staff, businessmen and journalists were ordered by the Kremlin to

journalists were ordered by the Kremlin to leave Moscow within three weeks in response to the expulsion from London of 25 Russians named as spies by Oleg Gordievsky, the KGB defector.

Britain won a £3 billion contract to supply aircraft to Saudi Arabia.

Sunday, September 15

In a general election Sweden's Social Democratic government retained power with a slightly reduced majority.

Europe's golfers beat America at Sutton Coldfield to win the Ryder Cup for the first time in 28 years.



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After the GLC

BY SIMON JENKINS

The view south from the summit of Hampstead's East Heath over the Thames basin embraces what to Herbert Morrison was simply "the greatest metropolis in the history of the world". To Cobbett it was the "great wen of all"; to Disraeli it was a "nation not a city". To them all, London was incontrovertibly a physical and political entity.

London's first modern government was the Metropolitan Board of Works, one of whose early acts was the purchase and preservation of Hampstead Heath when it was threatened with development in 1871. The MBW was notoriously mean, refusing to landscape its acquisition and giving the ground staff gorse seeds to spread by the paths: thus casually was the Heath's wild appearance created. The Heath was handed intact to the new London County Council in 1889 and on to the Greater London Council (GLC) in 1965. Yet when the GLC vanishes next April, there will be no metropolitan authority to look after the Heath. At the time of writing no one even seems to want it. The nation-not-a-city is to become a nation without a government. Chesterton's satire on municipal reform, The Napoleon of Notting Hill, will have come true.

Does it matter? Until last year the GLC seemed little more than a grumbling appendix to British local government. The 1963 London government reform had devolved most functions firmly to the new. enlarged London boroughs. Camden, Kensington, Tower Hamlets, Lambeth are nowadays regarded by most Londoners as the real focus of local administration, despite the lunacies of their party politicians. They supply libraries and refuse collection; they employ social workers and town planners; they build housing estates and day centres; they collect rates and convulse the local press.

The new GLC was seen as strictly

strategic. Its stocks-in-trade were structure plans, road plans, transportation plans, regulations, vettings and inspections. Apart from the fire and ambulance services (and by a quirk of history, inner London education), the GLC was not meant to administer anything. To this extent the past 20 years at County Hall, the council's grandiloquent palace on the South Bank, have been years of persistent failure. The Ringway road schemes have died the death—while central government's M25 is nearing completion. Oversight of London Transport was so capricious (under Tory and Labour rule) as to be ended even before the GLC was sentenced to death. The GLC's planned demolition of the Covent Garden area had to be stopped by Whitehall. Its pet projects, the Thames barrier and Thamesmead, proved so extravagant that it was given no part in the redevelopment of London Docklands, an extraordinary snub.

None of this impeded the GLC's self-aggrandizement. By the time of its demise, it will be spending more than £2 billion and employing more than 20,000 staff. It has more transport planners than London Transport. Its "women's committee" has a budget three times that of the Government's national Equal Opportunities Commission. Its architects' department is largely unproductive. Since it can precept borough ratepayers for whatever it wants (doub-

ling its demand in just three years), it has been wildly extravagant in its grants to minority groups, which have included CND and various exotic sexual and arts organizations. It recently decided to back three pop concerts with £200,000 of public money. Its behaviour has played a major part in the recent discrediting of local government.

Yet despite all this—in part because of its sheer bravura—the GLC has in the past two years been able to turn itself from villain to political saint. In 1983 Mrs Thatcher added GLC abolition to her election manifesto as a popular and radical gesture. Legislation was hastily—all too hastily—prepared. Ministers assumed the GLC's past record was enough to carry through their decision amid public acclaim.

Seldom can a reform have been so subverted by its presentation. The puckish leader of the GLC, Ken Livingstone, who usurped a more moderate Labour group after the last local elections in 1981, has succeeded in identifying himself and his council with every liberal cause, from social deprivation to symphony concerts, and, since abolition was threatened, with democracy itself. Under a government that has cultivated a grim, cheese-paring image, the GLC's flamboyance and bulging purse has become a beacon of the good things in metropolitan life. County Hall has spent £7 million on advertising its questionable virtues—a powerful demonstration of effective political propaganda. In opinion polls most Londoners now clearly oppose abolition and hold the Government to blame.

After next April most of the GLC's functions will be placed under appointed quangos or under a new "residuary body". Others, such as housing and roads, will either pass directly to Whitehall or be devolved down to the boroughs. The old spendthrift ways will have to end. Look at each of these functions in turn and it is indeed hard to see why an intermediate tier of democracy was ever required to administer them: fire service, building inspection, traffic management. Surely these are simply matters of pure administration?

Yet, undeniably, something will be missing when the GLC has gone and its great building reputedly turned into a luxury hotel. Urban government is more than just a bureaucracy. It is an expression of civic identity and a focus for collective pride-or shame. It is hard to believe that Hampstead Heath would have been preserved had there not been a metropolitan authority to respond to the cry, "Save London's last lung". Even shorn of much of their power, city mayors and corporations round the world enjoy a representational and ceremonial role-witness the eccentric City of London. The arts, parks and gardens, tourism, historic buildings, lobbying for London at Westminster and Whitehall: the list of appropriate duties of a London authority may not be weighty, but it can still be long and respectable.

The reason for the GLC's demise was sound administratively, if it was ineptly handled. The reason for not replacing it by another more suitable body, whether elected, delegated or appointed, is purely political. It is hard to believe London would have been so churlishly treated had the present GLC been a Tory fiefdom. For that reason, if no other, a future government is bound one day to give Londoners a new council of some sort to represent their interests. Hampstead Heath will be secure, County Hall will be reoccupied, London politics will recover and the 1980s will seem to have been a most curious interlude.



County Hall, the GLC's headquarters on London's South Bank, which may be turned into a luxury hotel when the GLC is disbanded next spring.

CHINESE FOR BEGINNERS. LESSON ONE.

- - 個天地就要倒塌下來一般。





AUS

GUINNESS. PURE GENIUS. like to remind you that many of our students find the combination of roasted barley and hops in Guinness very helpful on such dark body aids mental effort, while others regard the taste as a positive source of inspiration.

Just a note concerning Lesson Two. After this week's gentle start you may, find our next lesson rather more demanding. The Guinness School of Languages would

Queen Victoria's patronage of ladies' archery contributed to its popularity in the 1850s and 60s, but by 1880 women were rejecting the strict codes of dress and conduct laid down by men and the sport began to go into decline. "Amazons of the Bow" was published in the *ILN* on October 3, 1885, and the text urged "the gentle ladies of modern society not to let the wholesome sport of archery fall into entire disuse".



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ENCOUNTERS

with Roger Berthoud

How a prickly child earned its kisses

On November 2 Channel 4 will have been on the nation's television screens for three years. In that time Jeremy Isaacs, its 52-year-old chief executive, has seen a vicious campaign against his lively offspring change into congratulatory headpatting, even kisses.

In its first few months, C4 was accused inter alia of being too nice to homosexuals, propagating bad language (173 cases of swearing were counted in one week of December, 1982), putting on shows nobody wanted to watch, and failing to attract adequate advertising revenue. Mrs Mary Whitehouse said of Isaacs: "That man has got to go or change his ideas, and quick!" That man neither went nor changed his ideas. Instead, earlier this year, he found himself being tipped to take over as Director-General of the BBC as that leviathan faced the fire of a trigger-happy Fleet Street.

Had the abuse simply reflected the British fear of the new? There was a little bit of that, he reckoned, after welcoming me to his airy office at C4's headquarters in Charlotte Street, W1. "Partly it was the awful difficulty, before we started, of explaining what one was trying to do, putting flesh and bones on what was only a concept in my mind. Every single example was taken as the whole. One seemed to be setting oneself up for people to take a potshot.

"When we started, I must say I was a tiny bit surprised by the ferocity of the reaction in certain popular papers. It was a tense period, but I never lost a night's sleep, and I was pretty clear in my mind that I was on the right track—and quite certain that there was nothing I could do about it all, since by then I was committed to what I had bought. I hoped people would find there was something on Channel 4 that they might enjoy. That turns out to be the case," he said, with the satisfaction of one who has stuck to his guns and won through.

"We deliberately cater for totally disparate tastes, and we had a brief to encourage experiment and innovation, and to cater for interests not covered by ITV. We also had a guaranteed income without having to fight for it in the market place." (14 to 18 per cent of ITV's advertising revenue in a given year is siphoned off to fund Channel 4 and the Welsh language programme for the following year: an increasing proportion of this is recouped by selling airtime on



Channel 4's chief executive Jeremy Isaacs: the shock of national service after grand days at Oxford helped forge his mission to explain.

Channel 4.) Audiences have grown impressively. "We now get about 7 per cent of all television viewing, and 70 per cent of all viewers watch us for a couple of hours each week."

At the beginning of the year Channel 4 briefly drew almost level with BBC2—not that Isaacs identifies them as the opposition. "We are trying to offer an alternative, to widen choice," he said, while conceding that in some areas, such as the arts or special interests like books or gardening, C4 is to ITV what BBC2 is to BBC1. "But we like to think of ourselves as pricklier, and we aim to cater for the younger viewer... I think they have narrowed their

range—and we have never wanted the exclusively high-cultural image that BBC2 once had. We want to appeal to most of the viewers some of the time, and that also means staying in touch with working-class viewers."

It was Isaacs's national service rather than his own origins which predisposed him towards television's "mission to explain". His father being a comfortably off Glasgow jeweller of Polish-Jewish origin and his mother a general practitioner from London, his background was solidly middle-class. From Glasgow Academy he went on to read classics at Merton College, Oxford, where in retrospect he felt he tried to do too much-some work, chairman of the Labour Club, President of the Union, football and cricket for the college—"I always seemed to be in a hurry getting from one event to

another, though of course I enjoyed it all immensely."

Having earlier been persuaded that his grasp on the classics might not survive national service, he reported for training with the Highland Light Infantry at Maryhill Barracks in Glasgow after, rather than before, his four years amid the dreaming ivory towers of Oxford. "The shock of coming from 'Greats' and President of the Union to basic training was the single most abrasive and salutary experience of my life. It reminded me that there are an awful lot of people of intelligence and sensibility who don't have the benefit of a full education. Much of my work in television has been an attempt to simplify quite complicated matters in documentaries and histories into language and imagery which they can relate to." And so, whether with Granada TV, Associated Rediffusion, the BBC, Thames Television or as an independent consultant, he has striven to convey facts and views in ways that are intelligent, assimilable, yet unpatronizing. It helped no doubt to have wide and developed interests of his own (including collecting modern art); to know his own mind without closing it to others; and to have a steady home life. He and his wife Tamara, a former social worker who now teaches illiterate adults two days a week, have lived in the same house in Chiswick for 25 years. They have two grown-

Having spent two slightly fraught years at the BBC editing Panorama and, much later, a spell working on Ireland: a Television History with Robert Kee, he has some sympathy for the corporation in its unhappy state, and especially with its fear of being compelled to take advertising: 'Not that advertising is an inherently corrupting influence, but the competition for it introduces an element that has so far been excluded and which would force executives to narrow their range of choice." In short, the competition for high audience ratings would encourage programmes appealing to the lowest common denominator of taste.

Nonetheless, he reckons the BBC has been "a bit slow in responding to a changing political environment". As for his two alleged meals with the BBC's governors, supposedly sounding him out as a successor for the present Director-General, Alasdair Milne—"Sloppy journalism, *The Times* never even checked here", Isaacs commented—there was in

fact only a single lunch marking the second anniversary of C4, with a very pleasant general conversation, and Milne among those present. After the Press speculation, Isaacs sent around a memo at C4 saying he had no intention of leaving until the end of his contract in December, 1988, concluding: "I like it here."

He would be happy if people watched less television but more discriminately, and C4's success suggests that they are indeed becoming more selective. Television programmes should no longer generally be aimed at vast units of listeners, or even at whole families, he believes. Many homes have more than one set. Individuals have varied tastes. C4 is only beginning to exploit the challenge of catering for them.

Hard times of a fragile perfectionist

Fay Godwin's landscape photographs—the cream of which are on show in October at the Serpentine Gallery—represent a double triumph. Their beauty brings a lump to the throat, which is not easily achieved; and their existence testifies to her victory eight years ago over supposedly terminal cancer.

Hers has been a tough life from the start. She was born in Berlin, which seemed safer than Moscow, where her diplomat father was serving. As a child she lived in the Soviet capital, Teheran and Athens before being evacuated to South Africa during the



Photographer Fay Godwin: the trials of the profession range from heavy equipment and bad weather to piracy by unscrupulous publishers.

war. "Always when I was just getting to know the school I was hoicked out and taken somewhere else," she recalled without self-pity at her home in north London.

Beautiful landscape apart, South Africa was hell. Her father had gone back to London before being posted to Cairo. Her mother had little money, and they were jeered with cries of "Evacuees! evacuees!" in the streets. Fay was 12 or 13 when they joined her father in Cairo, then moved to Rome at the end of the war. Three years later her mother died of cancer, and Fay accompanied her father to Copenhagen to keep house for him. "It was the time of the New Look-ankle-length dresses. I was in short dresses out of school. My father said not to worry, I was lucky to be young." She learnt fluent Danish and studied comparative literature—English, French, Italian at Copenhagen University. Anxious to escape to independence, she took a postal secretarial course and came to London aged 21, knowing no one.

Secretarial jobs were duly survived. Then she became a travel firm's courier, worked for the Food and Agriculture Organization of the UN in Rome and nearly married an Italian, shattered a leg skiing, and decided to settle down at last in London, in publishing. First she worked, unhappily, for John Murray; then for Tony Godwin, the brilliant bookseller who had just taken over Bumpus and the Book Society. She married Godwin in 1959, three years before he moved to Penguin, where he introduced such novelties as pictorial rather than typographical covers before resigning. "A book is not a tin of beans," Penguin's founder Sir Allen Lane stated when Godwin

Their marriage broke up in 1969. Godwin moved to the USA and died there of asthma in 1976, leaving quite a lot of money, which has been fought over ever since by the tax authorities of both countries. That was just when Fay was in the grips of cancer and most needed it. She survived with the help of a natural health doctor who put her on a very strict diet (vegetarian, no processed foods). "It was difficult-I needed quite a lot of money, and I had none. with two children to look after. If I say anything about all this, it's to give people hope that you can say no to cancer.

Before her illness she had begun to enjoy photography. "It started with family snaps, then went on to portraits of writers. I started doing my own printing quite early on—it does make a great difference to the results. You can get portraits printed by someone else and they're fine. But landscapes are different; even the slightest shade of a tone can quite change the result."

She sees her landscape photographs, which are done in series on a specific theme, as partly documen-

tary in character. "But I'm also trying to capture the atmosphere, the general feel of what it's like to stand on the edge of a loch or look into a birch wood—and also the spirit of the place. There are some photographers who take striking photographs which are more to do with what is in their own mind, whereas I am working to a greater degree with what is *there*." Generally, she uses a Hasselblad camera.

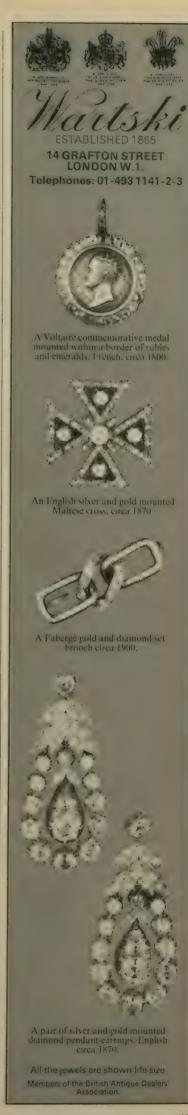
Despite fragile health, she has produced 12 books in 10 years, from The Oldest Road (about the Ridgeway) with words by J. R. L. Anderson, through Remains of Elmet (Yorkshire) with Ted Hughes, Islands with John Fowles and Romney Marsh with Richard Ingrams, to the highlights collected in Land (on show at the Serpentine Gallery). 6,000 copies of which sold immediately on publication earlier this summer. Her latest venture is Wessex with Patricia Beer, commissioned by the National Trust to focus on their property in southwest England, and the subject of a separate exhibition at the Photographers' Gallery in Great Newport Street off the Charing Cross Road.

Much walking is done to secure her shots—she finds it hard to see a picture from a car. The hazards of landscape photography include lugging the equipment around and waiting for the right weather and light. "One spring when I was working on *Wessex* it poured every time I went down. It can be demoralizing." Her knowledge of bed-and-breakfast establishments is wide, and she has read many a book in her Renault 4 while waiting for a sky to clear.

Among human hazards, piracy is perhaps the worst. The most respectable institutions have used her work without acknowledgement or fee, she says. "I suppose there is just so much photographic work around that they tend not to think it has a value, so photographers are treated as second-class citizens. My work has been used in books and on TV without any copyright permission. People even make new negatives from prints. In one year, three well known publishers used my pictures of authors on their front covers without copyright permission." Generally they pay up when asked, but a lot of hassle is involved.

The success of Land, and its quality as a production, has cheered her. When her work is really beautifully reproduced, all the effort seems worthwhile. To be a perfectionist is not easy. Perhaps Fay Godwin's struggles have reinforced both her desire to get things right and the lyrical intensity of her vision.

*Fay Godwin's *Land* is at the Serpentine Gallery, Kensington Gardens, W2, from October 4 to November 17, then in Bradford and Edinburgh; and *Wessex* at the Photographers' Gallery, 5 Great Newport Street, WC2 from October 11 to November 9.



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THE SIXTIES **AND AFTER**

by Christopher Booker





odd has been happening to the ence Donovan, footballer Bobby

image of the 60s. This was forcibly brought home to me a year or two back when I took part in a truly awful shock. We knew him better as young TV programme. Because I had once Ringo Starr, one of the supreme written a book on the 60s, I was approached by a researcher who said that young people today were Swinging Sixties. Can it really be becoming so fascinated by that nearly 20 years since one of the more period that it had been decided to make a major programme looking at what the decade was really like. Would I take part?

A week or two later I found myself in Newcastle, in a barn-like studio, one end of which had been got up to look like a vague approximation to a coffee bar. At the other sat a large Long ago and distant it may all audience of teenagers, besprinkled seem, but in the past few years it has with various aging luminaries of the been evident that something very 60s such as the photographer Ter-

Moore, Mary Whitehouse and assorted dress designers.

Just what a weird view of the 60s was about to be put across became apparent right at the start, when the two presenters came in on a 50slooking motor scooter. They walked across to the 50s-looking Espresso machines, while the PA system belted out some anonymous 70ssounding pop music, and the programme began-with a breathless eulogy of the 60s as a time when life seemed exciting, when all young people could look forward to getting a job and when a brave new world

seemed just round the corner. I had already become suspicious of the part I was to be called on to make way for tower blocks-not the play in the proceedings when I was kind of killjoy comment the

Symbols of the era: flower power faces the guns on American campuses, above; the Beatles, whose music and lyrics swept the world, above left; and lackie and John Kennedy, youthful leaders of style and government in America, right,

Obviously we had been cast as spectres at the feast. I was asked, in effect, what could I possibly say was wrong about such a golden age. when everyone had such a wonderful time? I began trying to point out that the 60s were not exactly a period of heaven on earth in every respect, mentioning for example that this was the decade when large parts of our cities were destroyed to seated next to Mrs Whitehouse. programme-makers wanted. My ** >









⇒ ignoble part in the discussion was brought hastily to an end.

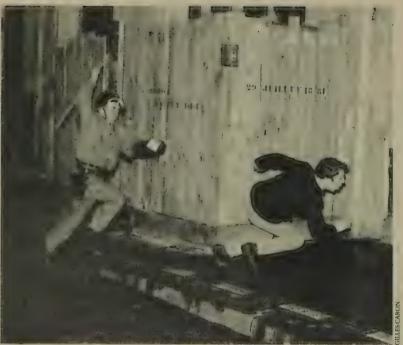
I came away from that studio realizing that the 60s have been transformed for many people these days into a completely imaginary dream time. The individuals involved in that programme, some too young to remember, others old enough to know better, were not interested in the historical reality of the 60s at all. They simply wanted a focus for make-believe, about a time when everything seemed bright and hopeful, when all seemed possible, in contrast to the bleak realities of life in Britain in the 80s. They looked back to the 60s as an enchanted time, almost as distant and incomprehensible as the Middle Ages.

Yet the sad thing was that the truth about the 60s is so much more interesting than these vague yearnings to believe in a lost, happy time can allow.

The first step towards getting the period in truer perspective is to look behind the wishful thinking which sweeps all the happenings of that crowded decade together in a euphoric blur and to see them in chronological perspective. There was a mood which swept through Britain at that time (indeed it swept through the whole world), and it had its effect on every aspect of life, from pop music to politics, from morals to the redevelopment of cities. But it was not a mood which just came and went without rhyme or reason. It arose out of a particular historical situation, it changed year by year through the decade in ways we can track quite precisely, and it eventually evaporated for perfectly identifiable reasons.

The mood which characterized the 60s had already begun in the 50s. as Britain and the world emerged from the shadows cast by the Second World War and its long, difficult aftermath. By the mid 50s it was becoming apparent that the world was changing in ways never seen before. New kinds of technology were beginning to have an impact on everyone's life, from the coming of television into every home to the first jet airliners, from LP records to the deep freezes in the first neon-lit supermarkets. There was a new prosperity, greater than anything fondly remembered from before the war. Both at home and abroad, where the authority of Britain's surviving world-wide empire was being challenged by a rash of independence movements, there was a general feeling of loosening up, of breaking out from old restrictions, of something new and exciting in the air. No one was more receptive to the new mood than the young who, as they donned Teddy Boy clothes or gathered in the new coffee bars or jived to skiffle groups, were beginning to form their own kind of subculture, in defiance of the stuffy world of the grown-up "squares"

Everywhere, it seemed, the old order was being challenged in the name of a new freedom. In 1956 the new mood exploded into the headlines, as Britain's teenagers were



The mood for change turned into a tidal wave, carrying all before it

swept by the rock 'n' roll craze, Elvis Presley and Bill Haley boomed from the juke boxes, and the Angry Young Men, like John Osborne's Jimmy Porter, vituperated against the Establishment, whose self-confidence was rocked by the disaster of Suez. From then on, through the comparatively affluent late 50s, the tempo of change quickened on all sides. The young, in their search for kicks, made tentative ventures into drugs and sexual freedom. By 1959 the new mood had even reached Parliament, with the first of a notable succession of acts intended to relax Britain's moral laws: that which permitted the publication of Lady Chatterley's Lover, four-letter words and all. In fact by the end of the decade Britain's new Conservative Prime Minister, Harold Macmillan, known as "Supermac", seemed to be riding the wave with brilliant success, as he won the 1959 "never had it so good" election by a landslide.

But in 1960, as the new decade began, nothing symbolized the new youthful, hopeful, idealistic mood sweeping the world better than the election of John F. Kennedy, the youngest-ever American President at the age of 42. Within months, despite desperate attempts to keep running with the tide, such as the giving up of Britain's African empire, Harold Macmillan seemed to have been transformed into an out-of-

touch old Edwardian buffer. This was reflected in the sudden boom in satire which, from its beginnings in *Beyond The Fringe* and *Private Eye*, was by the end of 1962 brought to a mass audience by the BBC TV show *That Was The Week That Was*, with its 23-year-old anchorman David Frost.

The mood for change was turning into a tidal wave, and in 1963 it seemed to be carrying all before it. As TW3 blossomed into the most compulsively watchable TV show in history, the Macmillan government seemed to be drowning in a sea of scandals. As the words "Profumo" and "permissiveness" vied for the headlines, the old order seemed to be collapsing in all directions. The Church of England was rocked by the success of a new book, Honest To God, by the Bishop of Woolwich, a champion of the "New Morality" who now seemed to be proclaiming an end to anything recognizable as the old traditions of religious belief.

Throughout the year a sound grew ever louder in Britain, as the new Merseybeat became the biggest sensation in the history of pop music, and the four young Beatles soared to rival President Kennedy as the supreme glamour symbols of the decade. British politics were transformed when Harold Wilson succeeded Hugh Gaitskell as the youngest-ever leader of the Labour



Party, holding out the vision of a "dynamic, classless New Britain . . . forged in the white heat of the technological revolution"—while Harold Macmillan, apparently broken by illness, stumbled off the stage.

And then on November 22, 1963, came the central emotional moment of the 60s, the assassination of President Kennedy—when the 60s dream world started to crack, showing a dark underside to the great fever of nervous excitement.

1964, however, was a strange year when Britain seemed for months to forget politics or anything serious in its newfound national obsesssion with pop groups, such as The Rolling Stones, which now appeared in a continuous stream. This was the time when the phenomenon known as Swinging London took shape, a brightly lit fantasy world throbbing to a disco beat, centred on the boutiques of Carnaby Street and the King's Road, peopled and created by pop singers, model girls like Jean Shrimpton, photographers such as David Bailey, dress designers like Mary Quant and John Stephen.

By the summer of 1965 the decade which had begun in such hope all over the world was already beginning to darken. Unhappy America, her cities torn by race riots, was becoming increasingly enmeshed in the nightmare of Vietnam. Across Africa it became clear that the great dream of independence from colonialism was not leading to a succession of happy, free, little democracies, as government after govern-

ment fell in violent *coups*. Harold Wilson's new administration lurched from crisis to crisis through a frenzied succession of prime ministerial gimmicks. Although he was reelected in 1966 with a much larger majority, he ran into Britain's worst economic crisis since the war.

Indeed, as we can now see, looking back, the only real evidence of political dynamism in the Wilson years, 1964-70, was the huge redevelopment programme being pushed forward in Britain's cities, as vast areas were bulldozed to make way for a brave new world of tower blocks (like Ronan Point), new city centres and urban motorways.

In the pop world the craving for ever greater excitement was now Iconoclasts: The TW3 team shocked viewers with their satire, far left, while girls flouted convention with their mini skirts, above. In France students faced the ugly consequences of youth in rebellion, above left.

leading many singers and their followers not just into pot-smoking but to the more dangerous delights of LSD, which in 1967 helped to inspire the craze for flower power and hippie bells.

The key to the 60s was the degree to which almost everyone, in one way or another, became caught up in a kind of collective fantasy, based on rebellion against anything old or conventional, which constantly needed new frontiers to push back,

whether in politics or just in using four-letter words on the telly and putting nudity on the stage. The craving for excitement through novelty was like a mind-expanding, or mind-blowing drug, which offers the promise of unimaginable release but requires a constant stepping up of the dosage, and which eventually brings a dreadful nemesis.

In 1968 the mood of the young abruptly changed, as a new generation of students went on the rampage all across the world, from the campuses of America and Mexico. where 200 students were shot down just before the Olympic Games, to the London of Tariq Ali and the Grosvenor Square riot; from Paris, where Danny Cohn-Bendit and his followers briefly threatened to topple the aging President de Gaulle, to Prague, where the young tried to encourage Dubček in his efforts to give Socialism a human face—until they were halted by Soviet tanks.

1968 was the year when the wave of violence engulfing America seemed to be reaching its height, with the worst-ever race riots and the assassinations of Robert Kennedy and Martin Luther King; the nightmare of defeat in Vietnam loomed ever larger, and Richard Nixon was elected President on the promise that he would stop the war.

By 1969, not even the success of landing the first men on the moon, for what it was worth, could disguise a general feeling that the 60s had been like a party which in all sorts of unforeseen ways had got hideously out of hand. As Nixon's napalm bombs rained down on the peaceful little kingdom of Cambodia, it seemed a curiously ironic outcome to President Kennedy's heady pledge at the start of the decade that America would "shoulder any burden" to "ensure the survival and defence of liberty".

We still live today in a world largely shaped by the 60s, from the importance given to pop music to the look of our cities, and the everpresent threat of inflation. In many ways we have seen a reaction to those times, not least in the tremendous wave of nostalgia for almost everything old—from steam trains to 19th-century warehouses—which so marks our culture today.

The point about the 60s is that they were the last time in our culture when we could look to the future with hope and when we could imagine that by tearing things down wholesale, from moral conventions to city centres, we could replace them with something better. But a great deal of today's disillusionment and despair, even many of our economic problems, date back to the wholesale flight from reality of those years. If the 60s were a party that got out of hand, we are to a great extent still living with the hangover. That is why it is silly to romanticize that strange time too much O

THEN AND NOW

A recent Gallup Poll for the TVS series 20 Years On revealed a considerable change in public attitudes between the optimism of the 60s and the present gloom about Britain's prospects. The poll was based on a National Representative Sample of 1,005 people interviewed in July, 1985, and on a similar study conducted in 1965.

Don't know

'never had it so good	'?''	
In the 50s		14%
In the 60s		47%
In the 70s		16%
In the 80s		14%
None of these		9%
"Is Britain nowadays	moving	towards
prosperity or away fro	om prosp	erity?"
prosperity or away fr	om prosp 1965	erity?" 1985
prosperity or away from	A A	
	1965	1985
Towards prosperity	1965 48%	1985 28%
Towards prosperity Away from prosperity	1965 48% 25%	1985 28% 62%

"Do you think the British people

count	ries,	do	you	think	Brit	tain's pr	os-
		the	fu	ture	are	better	or
worse							

	1965	1985			
Better	55%	43%			
Worse	19%	42%			
Don't know	26%	15%			
"Do you think it is in	mportant	for this			
country to try to be	a leadin	g world			
power, or would you	like to s	ee us be			
more like Sweden and Switzerland?"					
Be a world power	55%	37%			
More like Sweden etc	26%	55%			

8%

19%



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THE SEVEN MODERN WONDERS OF THE WORLD



With the help of some distinguished contemporaries the *ILN* has created a list of modern wonders to stand beside the Colossus of Rhodes and the other six of the ancient world. The conquest of space was the new favourite, but among more than 200 other nominations there were some surprising, and some bizarre, suggestions.

ore than 2,000 years ago Antipaster of Sidon compiled the first list of Wonders of the World—seven probably because the number was of sacred significance, the number of completeness. The feats of ancient technology, art and architecture that he chose were the Hanging Gardens of Babylon, the Statue of Zeus at Olympia, the Mausoleum of Halicarnassus, the Colossus of Rhodes, the Temple of

Artemis (or Diana) at Ephesus, the Pharos at Alexandria and the Pyramids of Egypt—the oldest and the only one to have survived.

Since Antipaster's day many other lists have been drawn up, the best known being one that dates from the Middle Ages comprising the Colosseum of Rome, the Catacombs of Alexandria, the Great Wall of China, Stonehenge, the Leaning Tower of Pisa, the Porcelain Tower of Nanking and the Mosque of Santa Sophia in

Constantinople. The title "Wonder of the World" was also bestowed at one time on the Holy Roman Emperor Otto III, because of his brilliant intellect, and on the Emperor Frederick II, probably as much in deference to his military prowess as to his administrative abilities and skill in the arts, notably on the flute.

There are no well-known up-todate lists of comparable wonders, human or otherwise, perhaps because the modern world seems to have less time to spend in wondering. In an age of spectacular scientific and technological advance, when we begin to think we know how the world began, and certainly know how to bring it to an end, this may not be surprising, though it suggests that our imaginations could do with some sweetening.

With this in mind *The Illustrated London News* set about compiling a list of modern wonders. To help us in the task we invited a number of »



THE CONQUEST OF SPACE

Nominated by Jeffrey Archer, Sir David Attenborough, Sir Adrian Cadbury, Field-Marshal Lord Carver, Sir Terence Conran, Admiral of the Fleet Lord Hill-Norton, Dr Hugh Jolly, Patrick Moore, Jean Muir, Baroness Platt, Daley Thompson, Sir Peter Walters, Dame Veronica Wedgwood and by 76 readers and staff.



CONCORDE

Nominated by Jeffrey Archer, Sir David Attenborough, Sir Alfred Ayer, Dr Robert Burchfield, Sir Adrian Cadbury, Anthony Caro, Sir Trevor Holdsworth, Dr Hugh Jolly, Sir Denys Lasdun, Jean Muir, Peter Palumbo, Baroness Platt, Donald Sinden, Sir Peter Walters, Sir David Wilson and by 40 readers and staff.

RADIO AND TELEVISION

Nominated by Lord Carver, Harold Evans, Sir John Harvey-Jones, Spike Milligan, Sir Peter Walters, Dame Veronica Wedgwood and by 44 readers and staff.



in many walks of life, to nominate followed the precedents of Otto III their own wonders (to a maximum and Frederick II and nominated a of seven), taking as their definition of person-Margaret Thatcher-as one tions and development of radio and modern the start of the Industrial of the modern wonders of the world. television, of micro-technology in Revolution in the 19th century. Thirty-one provided lists. In addition, be the decisive winner. This was a and calculators, and of the internal readers who responded to our Great multiple entry of differing nomi- combustion engine were also popu-Paintings feature earlier this year nations, including putting man on lar choices, as were two architec-

were invited to produce lists of the moon, the Voyager explorations, tural wonders—the Sydney Opera seven, as were members of the staff satellite communications, the space House, built in 1973, and the Eiffel of individual choices, are on pages 60 of the ILN. In all 172 people have shuttle and the Cape Canaveral com- Tower, dating from 1889.

airliner following on behind as a wonder in its own right. The inven-Man's conquest of space proved to the form of computers, transistors

→ contemporaries, distinguished contributed 242 objects. Only one plex, with the Concorde supersonic The final list of the Seven Wonders of the World emerged as follows: 1 The Conquest of Space

- 2 Concorde
- 3 Radio and television
- 4 Micro-technology
- 5 Sydney Opera House 6 Eiffel Tower
- 7 Internal Combustion Engine The runners-up to these, and the lists and 61.







MICRO-TECHNOLOGY

Nominated by Stephen Bayley, Sir Terence Conran, Harold Evans and by 41 readers and staff.

EIFFEL TOWER

Nominated by Anthony Caro, John Letts, Desmond Morris, Donald Sinden, Sir Peter Walters, Sir David Wilson and by 31 readers and staff.





SYDNEY OPERA HOUSE

Nominated by Sir David Attenborough, Sir Douglas Black, Dr Robert Burchfield, Sir Adrian Cadbury, Anthony Caro, Lord Hill-Norton, Sir Trevor Holdsworth, Desmond Morris, Peter Palumbo, Donald Sinden, Dawe Veronica Wedgwood, Mary Whitehouse, Sir David Wilson and by 29 readers and staff.



INTERNAL COMBUSTION ENGINE

Nominated by Sir Douglas Black, Lord Carver, Sir John Harvey-Jones, Sir Trevor Holdsworth and by 27 readers and staff.



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"Thank you very much for your cheque for £650.00 for the bracelet I sent you. I am very pleased with the amount and with your courtesy and speed over the deal. If I should ever consider selling any other jewellery, I would certainly send

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On request: Wedding Ring Leaflet free. Complete Ring Brochure £1 — refundable with purchase. → Runners-up to these seven were antibiotics and penicillin, the telephone, the steam engine, Crystal Palace, electricity, the Empire State Building, the Golden Gate Bridge, the Thames Barrier, the Aswan Dam, nuclear power and aircraft other than Concorde, in which were included several other named aircraft—the Boeing 747, the Harrier jump jet and the Spitfire.

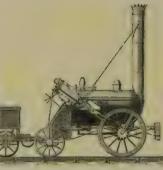
Manhattan and Brasilia were nominated in their entirety, and among the many individual buildings were the church of the Sagrada Familia in Barcelona, the Guggenheim Museum in New York, the Houses of Parliament, the Ritz Hotel, the Pompidou Centre, the Palm House at Kew, Frank Lloyd Wright's house at Bear Run in Pennsylvania, the Nash Terraces in Regent's Park, the Post Office Tower, and the Seagram and Chrysler buildings in New York (though several readers also nominated the lift, on the grounds that skyscrapers would not have been possible without it).

Bridges were a popular choice, but apart from the Golden Gate there was little agreement about which qualified as wonders. The Archbishop of Canterbury was supported by two readers in nominating the bridge across the Bosphorus at Istanbul. Others chose the Brooklyn, the Forth, the Humber, the Severn and the Clifton Suspension bridges, Ironbridge and Tower Bridge. There was also a nomination for the Simplon Tunnel, and several for the London Underground.

The Suez and Panama canals received a number of votes, as did photography, Disney World, the SS Great Britain and the liners Queen Mary and the QE2. Among medical subjects there were also votes for anaesthetics, heart/lung transplants, body scanners, vaccination, X-rays and birth control.

The field was greatly extended by unique individual choices. Stephen Bayley, director of the Boilerhouse Project at the Victoria & Albert Museum, was responsible for a number of these, including the Citroën 2CV car, the Pentel Ultra-Fine \$570, the Sony Walkman and the extruded aluminium beer can. Harold Evans nominated the United States constitution, Anthony Caro Manet's Déieuner l'herbe, Sur Palumbo Picasso's Guernica, Dr Robert Burchfield The Oxford English Dictionary, Baroness Platt the quartz watch, and Sir David Attenborough the Monterey Bay Aquarium. One reader chose the paper clip and another the Spaghetti Junction motorway interchange in Birmingham, and there were individual nominations for the National Trust, the Barbican Centre, cat's eyes, the zip, the Berlin Wall, the waste disposal holding tank and The Illustrated London News.

The wonders of the ancient and medieval worlds are on page 62. >>>



George Stephenson's locomotive Rocket

JEFFREY ARCHER

Writer

1 Concorde.

2 Disney World and Epcot Centre, Florida: "A vision of an ideal world."

3 Kariba Dam "which created a lake almost the size of Britain". 4 Frank Lloyd Wright's house, Falling Water, at Bear Run,

Pennsylvania. 5 Burghers of Calais by Rodin. 6 Great Wall of China.

7 United States flag on the

SIR DAVID ATTENBOROUGH Broadcaster

1 Concorde.

2 Sydney Opera House. 3 Itaipu Dam.

4 Space Shuttle.

5 Imax cinema (as in Bradford Museum of Photography). 6 Monterey Bay Aquarium,

California

SIR ALFRED AYER Professor of Logic, University of Oxford 1 Clifton Suspension Bridge.

2 Crystal Palace.

3 Sagrada Familia, Barcelona.

4 Chrysler Building, New York.

5 Tokyo-Kyoto Express.

6 Concorde.

7 Contents of Le Jeu de Paume,

8 Jodreil Bank Observatory. (The eighth included in case No 7 was inadmissible.)

STEPHEN BAYLEY

Director, Boilerhouse Project, Victoria & Albert Museum

1 Boeing 747. 2 Sony Walkman.

3 Motorola integrated circuit.

4 Memory typewriters with

automatic correction. 5 Citroën 2CV

6 Pentel Ultra Fine S570.

7 Extruded aluminium beer can.

SIR DOUGLAS BLACK

Former President, British Medical

Association

1 Nash Terraces (Regent's Park): "They show what a city might have been.

2 Internal combustion engine: "Brought mobility within general reach in developed countries, but has a seamy side

as well!' 3 Sydney Opera House.

4 Tricarboxylic (Krebs) cycle: "Elucidation of this is the

cornerstone of dynamic biochemistry.

5 Computerized tomography (CT) scanning: "An example of

imaging techniques."
6 Flexible endoscopy: "Brings dark corners of the body to direct inspection. Like CI scanning, a British invention, captured by the USA and

Japan.

A CHOICE OF WONDERS



Ouartz watch.

R. W. BURCHFIELD Chief Editor, Oxford English Dictionaries 1 The Oxford English Dictionary, 12 volumes, 1884-

2 Concorde. 3 Sydney Opera House.

SIR ADRIAN CADBURY Chairman, Cadbury-Schweppes 1 Concorde.

2 Sydney Opera House. 3 Matthew Boulton's Soho Works: "The first factory in the modern sense in the world and the first application of any scale of management to manufacturing." 4 Cape Canaveral. (The space

programme in general.) 5 Aswan or Kariba Dams

6 American Atlantic to Pacific railroads.

7 Iron Bridge: "18th century, but nevertheless the most remarkable innovation and from the cradle of the Industrial Revolution—Coalbrookdale. Ironbridge is now one of the most fascinating museums in the world."

ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY DR ROBERT RUNCIE

1 Bridge across the Bosphorus at Istanbul: "There are many impressive bridges but this is not only an impressive construction but a moving symbol of what the Ancient World could not do (Xerxes tried with slave labour) but we have done. It joins Europe to Asia. "Shortly after it opened, I saw the stream of traffic crossing in both directions; there seemed to be an infinite variety of faces and races. Then I noticed every 50 yards or so an armed guard. There had been so many threats to blow up the Bridge—so it becomes a symbol of a modern world divided between bridge builders and bridge breakers.

"The Bridge was built for Turkey by a consortium for several nations, in which the British played a major part.

ANTHONY CARO Sculptor

1 Sydney Opera House: "The contemporary equivalent of one of the great cathedrals. It is a piece of sculpture perfectly fitting its setting over Sydney Harbour.



Mrs Margaret Thatcher.

2 Déjeuner sur l'herbe by Manet: "The beginning of modern art.

3 Concorde: "The beautiful plane, perfectly suited to its job. And isn't flying—faster than sound—a wonder anyway?" 4 Eiffel Tower: "Not particularly beautiful, but an engineering

5 Notre-Dame-du-Haut Pilgrimage Chapel by Le Corbusier at Ronchamp, France: "The jewel in Le Corbusier's crown.

6 Cubism: "Because it gave a different dimension to the way we perceive things.

7 Seagram Building, New York: "A skyscraper is a wonder in itself—this is probably the most bequiting one." beautiful one.

FIELD MARSHAL LORD CARVER

1 The steam engine.
2 The internal combustion

3 Radio communication.

4 The aeroplane.

5 The ballistic missile.

6 The space vehicle. 7 Nuclear fission.

"NONE of any aesthetic value."

SIR TERENCE CONRAN Chairman, Habitat-Mothercare

1 The microchip.

The Space Shuttle.
The Golden Gate Bridge.

5 Sagrada Familia, Barcelona.

6 The atomic bomb.

7 Satellite communications.

HAROLD EVANS

Editor

1 The "spiral" of the double helix DNA as modelled by Crick and Watson: "Man's glimpse of the Almighty's genius for design.

2 Electricity.

3 The microchip and all that has come from it.

4 The constitution of the United States "in its operation and amendment. Political genius of immense significance.

5 Beethoven's *Fidelio*. 6 Television.

7 The laser.

SIR JOHN HARVEY-JONES

Chairman, Imperial Chemical Industries

1 The internal combustion engine.

2 Electricity.

3 Atomic power.

4 Heavier than air flight. 5 Wireless and television.

6 Antiseptics.

7 Brasiliâ.



X-ray of the body of a child.

LORD HILL-NORTON

Admiral of the Fleet

1 The London Underground railway system.

2 The space complex at Cape Canaveral.

3 The Snowy Mountain hydraulic and power complex.

4 Sydney Opera House 5 The Jodrell Bank Radio

Telescope.
6 Clifton Suspension Bridge. 7 The lunar landing module.

Not in order of priority.

SIR TREVOR HOLDSWORTH Chairman, Guest, Keen & Nettlefolds

1 New York.

2 Internal combustion engine.

3 The aeroplane. 4 Electrical power.

5 Penicillin.

6 Concorde.

7 Sydney Opera House.

DR HUGH JOLLY

Paediatrician

1 Concorde 2 Landing on the moon.

3 Heart/lung transplantation.

4 SS Great Britain.

5 The Empire State Building. 6 The Humber Bridge.

SIR DENYS LASDUN

Architect

1 Crystal Palace.

2 Cubism.

3 Concorde.

4 Discovery and development

of electricity

5 Photography.

6 Aviation.

7 Advanced physics including telecommunications.

'Not in any order!'

JOHN LETTS

Publisher

1 Houses of Parliament.

2 Manhattan skyline.

3 Stockholm Town Hall. 4 The Guggenheim Museum,

New York 5 Sagrada Familia, Barcelona. 6 Grand Central Station, New

7 The Eiffel Tower.

SPIKE MILLIGAN Comedian

1 SS Great Britain.

2 Steam engine.

3 Crystal Palace

4 Spinning jenny.

5 Penicillin.

6 Movie camera. 7 Television.

PATRICK MOORE

Astronomer

1 The Jodrell Bank radio

telescope.

2 The Voyager 2 space probe:
"It is no longer in the world but was created here, and has sent back information about remote worlds as far as Saturn (and hopefully Uranus in January,



Manhattan skyline.

DESMOND MORRIS

Writer

1 Notre-Dame-du-Haut Pilgrimage Chapel by Le Corbusier at Ronchamp, France. 2 Sagrada Familia, Barcelona

3 CN Tower, Toronto. 4 Astrodome, Houston.

5 The Guggenheim Museum,

New York.

6 Sydney Opera House. 7 Eiffel Tower.

JAN MORRIS

Writer

1 Manhattan.

2 The engineering works of Switzerland.

JEAN MUIR

Fashion designer

1 The Empire State Building, i.e.,

skyscrapers. 2 Áviation, i.e., the space rocket,

Concorde.

3 X-ray machine:

"Revolutionized medicine, art history and archaeology." 4 Bridge over the Bosphorus:

Engineering aesthetics of a beautiful construction.

5 Tomb excavations at Xian, China: "—although they are a new discovery—the old scale of concept is wondrous."

7 Penicillin, i.e., antibiotics. "P.S. 8. a timeless wonder—a

PETER PALUMBO

tree.

Property developer 1 Burghers of Calais by Rodin.

2 Guernica by Picasso. 3 Frank Lloyd Wright's house, Falling Water, at Bear Run,

Pennsylvania. 4 Disney World and Epcot Centre, Florida.

5 Sydney Opera House.

6 Concorde.

7 Nautilus nuclear submarine.

BARONESS PLATT OF WRITTLE Chairwoman, Equal Opportunities

1 Whole body scanner for the detection of disease.

2 Satellite radio transmission. 3 Concorde.

4 Space travel.
5 The Thames Barrier.

6 The quartz watch.

7 The Queen Mary.



DONALD SINDEN

Actor

1 Stephenson's Rocket locomotive: "The beginning of a glorious age of steam."

2 The Eiffel Tower: "Still more impressive than any highrise

block 3 Gates of Hell by Rodin: "For which most of his individual masterpieces were created.

4 New Delhi by Lutyens: Probably the only success in

town planning." 5 Sydney Opera House: "An unforgettable flight of fancy." 6 Concorde: "The nearest to the natural flight of a bird and the darts made by schoolboys. 7 Hiroshima: "Lest we forget."

DALEY THOMPSON

1 The telephone.

2 Space travel (satellites, etc).

SIR PETER WALTERS

Chairman, BP

1 Penicillin. 2 Concorde.

3 Television.

4 Space Shuttle. 5 Eiffel Tower.

6 Aswan High Dam. 7 Manhattan.

DAME VERONICA WEDGWOOD

Historian
1 Television.
2 The aeroplane.

3 Space capsules.

4 The Thames Barrage at

Woolwich. 5 Crystal Palace.

6 Sydney Opera House. 7 Golden Gate Bridge.

MARY WHITEHOUSE

President, National Viewers' and Listeners' Association 1 Sydney Harbour Bridge along with Sydney Opera House: "The sight of the two together is wonderful beyond description,

especially from the air.

SIR DAVID WILSON Director, British Museum
1 The Crystal Palace: "Although no longer with us, it was arguably the most startling building of its period. 2 Concorde: "Transport has been the most developed factor

since the Industrial Revolution—this is the 3 The Forth Bridge: "For years

the most important bridge in the world. 4 The Empire State Building: "Although not the tallest, nor

yet the oldest, it is a symbol of the skyscraper. 5 The Simplon Tunnel: "Heroic

engineering."
6 Sydney Opera House: "Pure spectacle."
7 Eiffel Tower: "The most

successful symbol of the 19th century

THE SEVEN ORIGINAL
WONDERS OF THE WORLD DATE FROM
THE SECOND CENTURY BC.
A SECOND LIST WAS DRAWN UP
IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

THE SEVEN ANCIENT WONDERS



THE TEMPLE OF ARTEMIS (or Diana) at Ephesus in Ionia was built by King Croesus of Lydia in about 550 BC, and was rebuilt after its destruction during the rebellion of 356 BC. Famous for its size and lavish adornments, it was finally destroyed by the Goths in 262.

THE COLOSSUS OF RHODES (see page 55) was a bronze statue, reinforced by iron, standing about 100 feet high on a marble base. It was erected beside (not astride) the harbour as a thank offering to Helios after the raising of the siege in 304 BC. It collapsed in an earthquake less than 100 years later.



THE PHAROS OF ALEXANDRIA was built as a lighthouse by Ptolemy II of Egypt in about 280 BC. It had a spiral ramp to its beacon, which was reputed to stand more than 400 feet high, and it remained standing until the 12th century AD.



THE STATUE OF ZEUS AT OLYMPIA was made of gold and ivory, a seated figure more than 30 feet high. It was built in about 430 BC by Phidias, the Athenian sculptor, and was destroyed in the fifth century AD.



THE HANGING GARDENS OF BABYLON were a series of terraced roof gardens, generally believed to have been built by King Nebuchadnezzar II in about 600 BC to remind his wife of the mountainous terrain of her homeland.

THE CATACOMBS OF ALEXANDRIA, on

the edge of the Libyan desert, date from

the Roman period and are on many

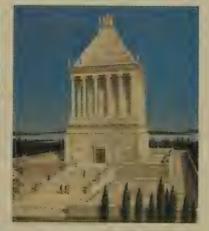
levels, dug in the rock. The centre con-

sisted of a circular shaft which des-

cended into a beautiful tomb.



THE PYRAMIDS OF EGYPT, built as tombs for the pharaohs of the fourth dynasty, are the oldest of the seven ancient wonders, dating from between 2690 and 2160 BC, and the only ones to have survived to the present day.



THE MAUSOLEUM AT HALICARNASSUS, in Ionia, was built as a tomb for Mausolus, an Anatolian king of the fourth century BC, by his queen Artemisia. It was surmounted by a pyramid and ornamented by a frieze, of which fragments are in the British Museum.

STONEHENGE, the circle of large stones

on Salisbury Plain, is believed to have

been erected as a place of worship

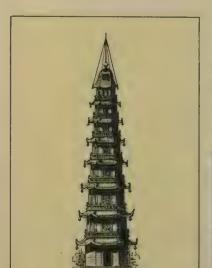
between 1800 and 1400 BC. The blue-

stones were transported to the site from

Pembrokeshire and the sarsens from the

Marlborough Downs.

THE SEVEN MEDIEVAL WONDERS



THE PORCELAIN TOWER OF NANKING, China, was built in the early 15th century. It was composed of nine storeys with eight overhanging octagonal eaves, tiled in porcelain, and stood more than 200 feet high. It was destroyed in 1853.

THE LEANING TOWER OF PISA, in Italy, was built between 1174 and 1350 as a campanile for the adjacent cathedral. It comprises eight storeys and stands 179 feet high, leaning 16½ feet out of the perpendicular (which was not the original intention).

THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA, which runs for some 1,500 miles from the Gulf of Chihli in the Yellow Sea to deep in Central Asia, was begun in the fourth century BC and connected into a single defensive system 200 years later. It was substantially rebuilt in the 16th century.



THE COLOSSEUM OF ROME was built in AD 82 by the Flavian emperors—Vespasian, Titus and Domitian—as an amphitheatre for the entertainment of the Roman people, becoming notorious for gladiatorial contests. The arena could be flooded for the staging of naval battles.



THE MOSQUE OF SANTA SOPHIA in Istanbul was built between AD 532 and 537, originally as a Christian church. It was converted into a mosque after the fall of Constantinople in 1453. Its central dome is nearly as broad as St Peter's, Rome, but stands only half as high.



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the ground, you expect the best in the air.





FIVE RIVERS

BY RICHARD ADAMS

"Dear water, clear water, playful in all your streams, As you dash or loiter through life who does not love To sit beside you, to hear you and see you?" W. H. AUDEN

W. H. Auden was surely right. Everyone delights in a river, and most of us have our special, personal loves rivers that have blessed us, solaced us and come to fill, in memory, places almost like those of parents or lovers.

It is easy to forget, across the years, the enchantment of the first river you ever knew. Yet Kenneth Grahame, clearly, could recall it; and conferred it, for all time, upon Mole at the opening of *The Wind in the Willows*. "He thought his happiness was complete... Never in his life had he seen a river before,... chasing and chuckling, gripping things with a gurgle and leaving them with a laugh... All was a-shake and a-shiver—glints and gleams and sparkles, rustle and whirl, chatter and bubble. The Mole was bewitched, entranced, fascinated."

It is one's innocence at four years old—one's very ignorance—that gives the magic its grip. The infant's apprehension is immediate. His senses leap intuitively upon the mystery he could hardly understand if it were explained in words. Why is the river moving? Where has it come from? Where is it going? And he has no sense of locality, no cognitive map to distract eyes and ears from the captivating riot of summer all about him.

My first river, a mile from our home, was the little Enborne brook, the boundary of Berkshire and Hampshire. a tributary of the Kennet no more than 15 miles long. One perfect June afternoon my father, a reticent, kindly man whom I greatly loved and trusted, took me down to paddle. The bed was clean gravel and I wore rubber slipons-I can feel them now. Secure in my father, silent and pretending inattention on the bank, I waded on and on, deeper and deeper, with an enormous sense of elation and adventure. The creamy, heavily fragrant plants of the meadowsweet lining the marges stood taller than I. A glittering green dragonfly, bigger than my hand, hovered before my eyes, startling me, and disappeared on the instant. I disturbed a fish and watched it shoot away, flickering into brown gloom.



The Kennet, the river where Richard Adams landed a "really big" trout before leaving for the Far East in 1945.

A little further below, the stream flowed between alders overarching from either side, and into this mysterious tunnel I ventured as Mungo Park down the Niger. Now the water was over my waist! I called out to my father, who answered quietly and reassuringly from somewhere beyond the

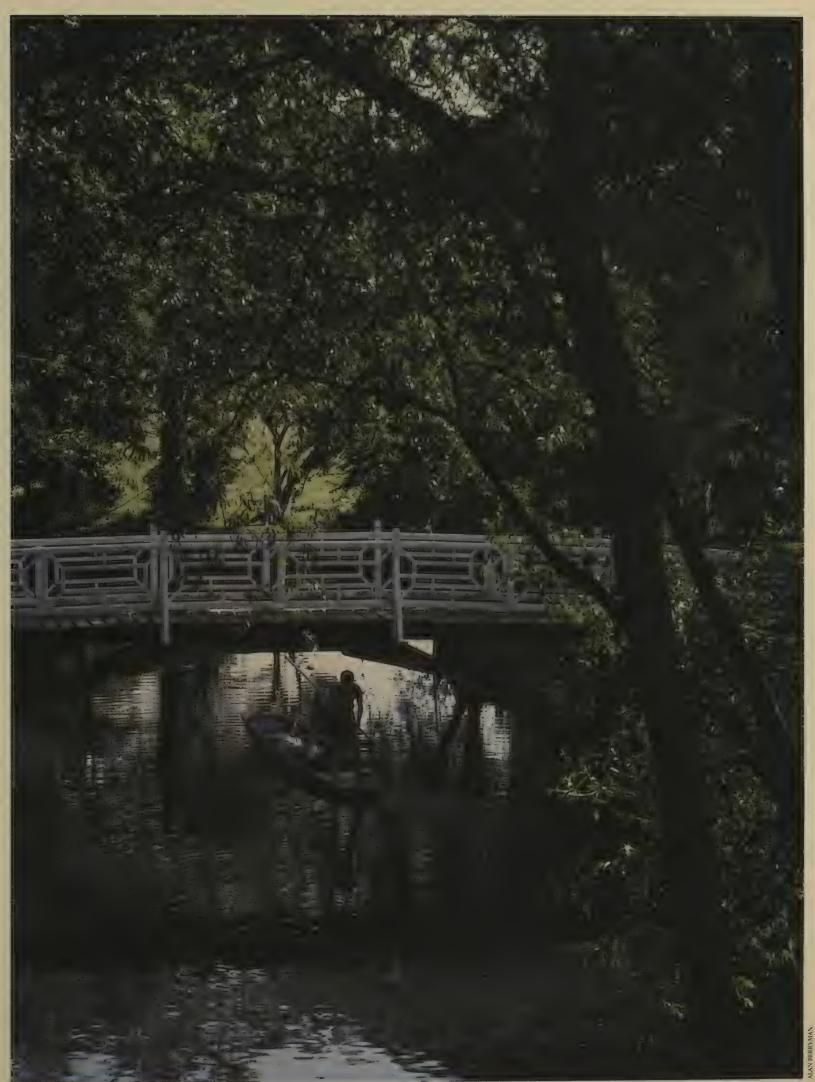
screen of trees. An infant has, of course, no conscious concept of romance nor, really, of beauty, but my excitement and delight were intense. At last I emerged again into the sum—"the sun that is young once only", as Dylan Thomas called it. And here I came to the last, unforeseeable marvel. On either side of me rose walls of old, crumbling brick. There was brick, too, beneath the shallow ripples underfoot, and an iron-bound, wooden beam

above my head, spanning the brook. I was among the ruins of an old, long-abandoned mill, beyond which the stream, with a little, plashing fall, dropped into a broad, deep pool. My father's voice called quietly, "Shouldn't go any further, my boy, I think." Further? I had gone further alone than ever in my life, and experienced things I could never have imagined.

It's all there still, unchanged. The brook is about 12 feet wide and 2 to 3 feet deep, and the distance I paddled is about 60 yards. I add only one melancholy particular. Two miles downstream, the Enborne runs past Greenham Common: 7 miles below that, it joins the Kennet at Aldermaston. All through my childhood I knew these purely local names well. As Ophelia says, "Lord, we know what we are, but know not what we may be."

As you grow older the rivers grow, too. The splendid playground of my adolescence was the Kennet, a noble river of some 45 miles, rising near Marlborough and running down the centre of Berkshire to join the Thames at Reading. To its north lie the White Horse downs, where King Alfred fought the Danes, and to its south the Basingstoke downs (including Watership Down), where the Cavaliers more than once fought the Roundheads. My father, a country doctor, had several riparian land-owning patients, and in those easy-going days permission for his son to fish was readily granted. Above and below Newbury the Kennet flows in many beds, and during the long, hot summer holidays I was free to wander all day in the reedy, marshy water-meadows, sometimes never fishing the same water twice. Here, one August evening, I caught my first trout: and 10 years later, in 1945, on leave before being sent to the Far East (whence I was quite expecting not to return) was lucky enough to land a really big one. I remember thinking, as I sat under a

The Cherwell flows some 35 miles the length of Oxfordshire. This is the river on which Adams learnt to punt.





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downstream, it is flanked by buttercup whom returned! "Ask me no more, for

water-mint-scented bank: "Well whatever happens. I've had this day-and this fish-on my own Kennet.

untended-a watery jungle full of now, a stanza from a lighthearted yet fallen branches and dense weed. If you nostalgic poem which I wrote during could get a trout out, you could call the war, while far away in Egypt, yourself a fisherman. The sidestreams had to be crossed on tottering planks stream left unrepaired for years. The riparian The grayling ripples wink and gleam. plants were rife, a kind of wild watergarden: yellow fleabane, purple loosestrife, fluffy pink hemp agrimony, willow-herb, water figwort, the darkred, drooping water avens and Lord In that bird-haunted wilderness: knows what beside. Swallows darted up and down the open water and swifts screamed high overhead. Here I first saw herons at their predatory time days came Oxford, and my third work in the shallows. One August river-love-the Cherwell: carefree, afternoon of drought I glimpsed some fairly large beast ahead of me in the reeds. I approached cautiously, and a graduates' river, river of friendships, moment later a badger-normally the pleasure, punts and picnics! Well shyest and most nocturnal of English might that old, nameless Greek, six wild animals—blundered out from the centuries before Christ, have written: exposed mud and fled up the meadow towards the woods. Thirst must have among one's friends." The Cherwell driven it down to drink

sidestream (where large trout some- Cropredy Bridge, scene of the first times lay up), I was mystified to see skirmish of the Civil War in 1642, something bigger than any fish swim- flows the length of the county to join ming ahead of me, almost completely the Thames (or the Isis, as we call it at submerged. I followed it, and at length Oxford) by Christ Church Meadows the otter drew itself out of the water and the college barges. From Islip

>>> willow in the sunset on the and went bounding away in lithe, sinuous leaps, its sleek coat glistening. The Kennet has had many lovers (including John Buchan), but none The waterways were entirely truer than I: and there comes to mind. "When the sun goes down on Kennet

The wind comes over Greenham

The poplars tremble by the bridge. There's blackberries and watercress And I'll draw out Leviathan When blasted Adolf's down the pan."

Yet before those homesick, waryouth-loving, sociable Cherwell, pretty as a pretty girl, the under-"The best of all things is to be young rises, a tiny rivulet, some 35 miles Another day, working along a small north of Oxford and, passing under

meadows and flowering may, its banks lined with pink ragged robin and beds of golden kingcups. Further down still. with a hospitable garden running down to the water stands the Victoria pub, delightful destination of many a punting expedition. And so down into Oxford itself: past Timms's boathouse and the Dragon School, past Lady Margaret Hall with its scented poplars. into the Parks and through Parson's Pleasure, that secluded reach where for time out of mind no one has hathed otherwise than naked- across the Rollers, over which you have to drag your punt to get to the reach below, and then a lazy drift down to Magdalen, most beautiful of the colleges, with leafy Addison's Walk and the 15th-century tower from which, at dawn on May morning, they sing the

summer in. It was on the Cherwell that I learnt to punt-and punt well. I learnt to make love, too, in the moonlightdappled, scented darkness, the punt tethered close under overhanging, collusive willows. June afternoons: laughter of fun, foolish laughter of sheer youth and joy: the earnest talk of students, concerned to set the world to rights once and for all, as though no one had ever discussed such matters before on this very stream. My friends! My dear friends, who left so gaily and gallantly for the war, and so few of

fear I should reply.

As the years go by life itself widens. very like a river. Watership Down was written: I began to travel widely and to find far places within my reach. In 1975 I became, for a semester, writerin-residence at the University of Florida at Gainesville, and here, in the almost tropical water-glades to the



The Great White Heron, one of several heron species found by the Itchetucknee



Left and above, the Itchetucknee, in the water-glades of Florida. which Adams discovered in 1975.

north of that city, lay the fourth great river of my life, the Itchetucknee.

The Itchetucknee rises from two separate springs, a few hundred yards apart. The pools are beautiful beyond not unlike a slightly larger, transatlandescription-the Itchetucknee spring itself (where Dorothy Lamour's socalled "South Seas" films were shot). and the nearby, deeper Jug spring, where blind white fish live 40 feet down, in a cave much visited by scuba divers. I have always been a good swimmer, but in the Itchetucknee I discovered such pleasure and delight in swimming as never before. Armed with snorkel and flippers, my companion and I would co-opt a friendly student to drive out to the spring, take charge of our clothes and towels and go on to pick us up at a little park the feel of those far-off days before the some 5 miles downstream. Our way, war. Working slowly from pool to pool down the gradually broadening river, at sunset, stumbling among the lay through wild, inaccessible Florida unseen rocks, one loses all sense of swampland. Tall grass and reeds rose time in the leafy tunnel: emerging at all around and you could not tell last, with Tom, onto the grass by the where land and river met. The water fishing shack, to be greeted with was very warm. Great trees had fallen friendly calls of "Hi! Didy'all catch anyand sunk athwart the stream, and we thing?" and the offer of a slug of local used to dive 10 or 15 feet to scramble ryc. One night I hooked a good fish. between their trunks and the bed, which bolted down a culvert carrying coming slowly up, under our own the stream through a concrete track buoyancy, to float on down. Wild wis- laid across it. The fish stayed fast in the taria and hibiscus bloomed every- culvert: I couldn't move him, but where, together with all manner of couldn't bear to lose him. So there we brilliant, sub-tropical flowers.

not register our emergent heads as good six or seven minutes until at last human beings, and we often passed he gave up and floated out. I had him very close to 'gators (which are quite for breakfast, sitting out of doors harmless) and to great, black turtles, sometimes in the water, sometimes motionless on overhanging boughs. Here, too, in the swamps, were new District, for I have loved it dearly these and different herons-the Great Blue. lean and grey and 4 feet tall; and the let Wordsworth conclude, for that and Little Green, under 2 feet, with his for all rivers. virid back and chestnut neck. Once, "For, backward, Duddon! as I cast my swimming underwater, we found our-eves. selves among a shoal of seven or eight big, smooth, silvery pike or garfish. Still glides the Stream, and shall for which also showed no fear. They were ever glide: remarkably sinuous and, while watching us, bent their bodies well over 90°. dies." O

There is no space here to tell more but of all the rivers in my life, the Itchetucknee has been fullest of strange and exciting things. I have done the swim many times, and I used it for an episode in The Girl in a Swine.

In my end is my beginning. My fifth river, Barbour's Creek in Virginia, is tic version of the Enborne: a narrow. rocky-bedded, overhung trout stream: tumbling white water with little pools between, and calmer, smoother reaches stretching upstream beneath the boughs. To this, a few years ago. I first came during the legendary Virginian fall-great expanses of gold and russet leaves covering the slopes of the Blue Ridge mountains-during a term's teaching at Hollins College, in the Shenandoah valley. Fishing of an evening with my friend Tom Lawson, I have often come close to recapturing remained motionless, both he and I. The birds and animals evidently did the rod bent double between us, for a under Tinker Mountain

With more space, I would have liked to mention Duddon in the Lake 30 years and more. But I am content to

I see what was, and is, and will abide;

The Form remains, the Function never



Nelson was of demonstrably robust constitution.

Yet, except when roused by action, he was forever expecting ill-health to finish his career.

THE HYPOCHONDRIAC HERO

BY JOHN WINTON







MEDICI CHRISTMAS CARDS

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THE MEDICI GALLERIES 7 Grafton Street, London W1 26 Thurloe Street, London SW7 63 Bold Street, Liverpool L1 almost finished," wrote Nelson to Admiral Goodall, at sea off Malta in the Foudroyant in March, 1800. A few days later he was writing to his Commander-in-Chief, Vice-Admiral Lord Keith, "But on the 18th [March] I had near died, with the swelling of some vessels of the heart".

Everyone who knew Nelson, his senior officers and his contemporaries, his family and friends, was used to hearing him comment upon his health in the most pessimistic terms. Allusions to the dreadful state of his health and the unlikelihood of his ever getting well again run through his letters. "My health is not very stout this cold winter," he told his brother, from St Omer, in January, 1784.

His health was never "very stout" at any time. In letters Nelson described not only the swelling of some vessels of the heart, but also violent pains in his head and chest. He was a physical wreck, he said, he would never see England again, the doctors had despaired of his life, his career was at an end, his "shattered carcass" was in "a terrible plight", he was "ready to quit this world of trouble, and envy none but those of the estate of 6 feet by two".

Nelson was, of course, quite right to fear that ill-health might endanger or even end his career. In the Navy of his day, advancement was often through sick or dead men's shoes. The toast for Saturday night at sea was "Sweethearts and Wives". Thursday's toast was the grimmer "A bloody war or a sickly season"—either of which meant promotion for the survivors. But in Nelson a proper concern for one's health seems to have degenerated into a morbid obsession amounting to hypochondria at an early age.

His family appears to have encouraged him to believe that his health was fragile when he was very young. When the Reverend Nelson wrote to Captain Maurice Suckling, Nelson's uncle, to ask him if he would take his boy into his ship, Suckling made no bones about his view of young Nelson's present health and future prognosis: "What has poor Horace done, who is so weak, that he above all the rest should be sent to rough it out at sea? But let him come; and the first time we go into action, a cannon-ball may knock off his head, and provide for him at once."

In 1773, as a midshipman described as being "of florid countenance, stout and athletic", Nelson joined the *Seahorse* frigate for service in the East Indies. He did very well, but after two years he caught malaria and his health broke down completely. His hair turned white and he was temporarily paralysed by

his "malignant disorder" which "nearly baffled the power of medicine". He took passage home in the *Dolphin* frigate, whose Captain, James Pigot, personally looked after this ghastly apparition of a midshipman, who was "almost a skeleton" and unlikely to last more than a few days.

While lying in his sick-cot in the *Dolphin*, Nelson suffered the first of the fits of black depression that were to afflict him all his life. He foresaw that he was going to be a failure. He "almost wished himself overboard". But then, miraculously, he cheered up, as he was to do often. He felt "a sudden glow of patriotism". "I will be a hero," he assured himself, "and confiding in Providence I will brave every danger."

By 1779 Nelson was a post-captain, aged only 21, commanding the *Hinchinbrooke*. "We all rise by deaths," he wrote to his brother. "I got my rank by a shot killing a post-captain and I must sincerely hope I shall, when I go, go out of the world the same way."

Nelson very nearly did go out of the world the following year, when he led 200 of his men ashore to join a disastrous expedition up the San Juan river in Nicaragua. Only 10 of his men returned, and Nelson himself caught "Yellow Jack" fever. He was devotedly nursed at Kingston, Jamaica, by Lady Parker, wife of the Commander-in-Chief Sir Peter Parker, and recovered enough to take command of the Janus frigate (whose captain had died). But by August, 1780, he was forced to write to the Commander-in-Chief, asking to be invalided home.

Having recovered, as a very young man, from two severe bouts of illness, either of which could carry off a man within 48 hours, Nelson should have been reassured that he had an excellent constitution and better health than most men. On the contrary, his experience seems to have convinced him he was destined to be a permanent semi-invalid. At home, he went to Bath for the cure and in January, 1781, he wrote to William Locker, his old captain in the Lowestoffe frigate: "I have been so ill since I have been here, that I was obliged to be carried to and from bed with the most excruciating tortures, but thank God I am now on the mending road."

He was not a good patient. He "did not set under the hand of the doctor very easy", but he did recover and in August, 1781, he went to Woolwich to commission the *Albemarle* frigate. In her he went to Canada where, at last, he found a climate that suited him. "Health, that greatest of blessings," he wrote to his father in October, 1782, "is what I never truly enjoyed till I saw *Fair* Canada."

Nelson was a walking paradox for the medical profession, for it was quite clear that his physical performances completely contradicted his gloomy forebodings. He was in fact, although he never seemed to realize it, a man of truly extraordinary bodily strength and mental resilience. He paced up and down his quarterdeck for hours-somebody once calculated that Nelson walked 16 miles a day and must have been one of the fittest men in the fleet. He wore only a thin coat and was often soaked, but refused to change, saying his leather waistcoat was quite enough. He seldom wore boots and often had wet feet, when he would go down to his cabin, take off his shoes and walk about on the carpet until his stockings were dry. He would spend whole days and nights in open boats. under tropical sun or Arctic storm. and be as cheerful and resourceful and as ready to go into action at the end as when he set out.

At the storming of Santa Cruz, Tenerife, in July, 1797, a blast of grapeshot smashed into Nelson's right elbow, just as he was landing from his boat and drawing his sword. He was laid down in the boat, faint from shock and loss of blood. But when he heard the *Fox* cutter had been sunk, he insisted his boat should pick up her survivors and lent a hand (his remaining good left hand) himself.

The nearest ship was the Seaborse, but Nelson refused to be taken to her because he knew the captain's wife, Mrs Fremantle, was on board and he had no news for her of her husband. When told he might die, Nelson said, "Then I will die; for I would rather suffer death than alarm Mrs Fremantle by her seeing me in this state..." On reaching his own ship, the Theseus, Nelson twisted a rope round his left arm and climbed up unaided, saying, "Let me alone! I have got my legs left, and one arm." Twenty-four hours later he was drafting a letter to Lord St Vincent with his left hand.

The incident was typical of Nelson. When he was tired or inactive, he was easily depressed and exaggerated his ailments. After his crushing victory at the Nile, Nelson lay in a stupor for days, having at one time during the battle thought he was mortally wounded: "I am killed," he said, "Remember me to my wife." But when there was danger his health improved dramatically and his spirits rose. Before Copenhagen he dined all his captains, was in the best of humours and toasted them to a favourable wind and success in battle on the morrow. He was up all night drafting orders. He was always at his best when the enemy fleets were at sea

Yet Nelson had a hypochondriac's

faith in one particular doctor. He was much impressed by a Dr Moseley who had treated him in Jamaica. When the stump of his arm was causing him agonies, he insisted on Moseley being called. Years later, in 1803, he wanted Moseley to treat his eye. Nelson's friends had to point out to him that old Dr Moseley was not an eye specialist.

Nelson treated himself for gout, by abstaining for two years from meat. wine or "fermented drink", living on vegetables, milk and water. Nelson's diet and daily regimen fascinated his medical men. Beatty, Victory's surgeon, noted that Nelson always rose early, before daybreak, and breakfasted at six in summer, seven in winter. He walked the deck for several hours, and dined at about half past two, always with eight or nine guests, officers from his flagship, or flag officers and captains of his fleet. He was an attentive host but ate sparingly himself: the liver and wing of a fowl, a small plate of macaroni. sometimes with a glass of champagne.

According to Dr Gillespie, Physician to the Fleet, Nelson had tea at seven, after which he sent for "my family, to sit and talk" and generally "unbent himself". There would be a rummer of punch, with cake or biscuit, at eight, after which the Admiral wished everybody a good night.

The doctors, like everybody else, always thought of Nelson as the ailing, sickly hero, with his empty sleeve and eye-patch. Yet the victor of the Nile, Copenhagen, Trafalgar and a dozen lesser fights, so loaded with honours that his shrivelled body was hardly able to support the weight of his brilliant, star-studded coat, hid one final paradox for the medical profession. The truth became known only after his death on HMS *Victory* at the Battle of Trafalgar, when he was shot through shoulder and chest by a French sniper.

The post-mortem showed that Nelson had been in the pink of good health. His heart was "small and dense": valves, pericardium and the large vessels were sound and firm. Lungs were sound, and free from adhesions. The liver was very small, natural in colour, firm of texture, and "free from the smallest appearance of disorganization". Stomach, spleen and other parts of the abdomen were free from any trace of disease. Indeed, wrote Beatty, "all the vital parts were so perfectly healthy in their appearance, and so small, that they resembled more those of a youth, than of a man who had attained his forty-seventh year"

Nelson was far from being a sickly invalid, with only a tenuous grip on life and a short time to live. The state of his body, said Beatty, gave "every reason to believe that His Lordship might have lived to a great age"



As to my health,

I believe I am almost finished," wrote Nelson
in a typical communication
in March, 1800





WEDGWOOD

Offering quality on a plate

The heirs of Josiah Wedgwood, who founded the family firm in 1759, have built on a tradition of quality and continuity.



Carol Kennedy reports on the group, which produces a third of all Britain's ceramic tableware and exports throughout the world.

In world markets for Britain's top-quality consumer goods, Wedgwood is a name as well known as Rolls-Royce—perhaps even better known, because its products are accessible to more people. "If you went into a small village in Denmark, Italy or America, there's an even chance that our name will be known," says Sir Arthur Bryan, chairman of the group which produces a third of all Britain's ceramic tableware and exports 70 per-cent of its production, principally to North America, the EEC, Australia and Japan.

The American tourist boom to Britain that rode high for months on the back of a strong US dollar meant even more crates of Wedgwood being shipped home. Many buyers made trips just to take advantage of London's "bargain" prices for the firm's bone china and fine earthenware services and speciality items like the famous Jasper ware. Worldwide demand picked up so rapidly after the recession of 1982-83, when Wedgwood shed a third of its payroll, that the company has had to pull out all the stops to meet its bulging order books with a slimmer workforce. The company not only succeeded (sales per employee have doubled in four years) but has also raised its operating profit, from 1984 to 1985, by 30 per cent (to £16.3 million on a turnover of £146 million). The improved profits were largely the result of five years' intensive investment, from 1976 to 1981, in new technology.

The recession hit the Potteries hard, but Wedgwood came through in better shape than some manufacturers. Its profits dropped sharply in 1983 but its balance sheet remained essentially strong and the dividend to shareholders, while frozen, was not reduced. Nevertheless, the wages bill in a highly labour-intensive business had risen alarmingly, and the workforce was cut back from 11,000 to 7,000, with the loss of 2,500 craftspeople over the group's 16 factories. Inevitably, some precious skills went with the older workers, and savings on recruitment—always the major

factor when a manufacturing business has to cut its labour costs—meant that these skills could not quickly be replaced when demand picked up with unexpected force in 1984. It takes about four years to train a "liner", one of the highest-paid workers on the shop floor, whose task of painting the decorative lines on curved handles and complex shapes requires the most delicate balance of hand, eye and judgment.

"We could have done with about 750 of those



Top, Josiah Wedgwood I painted by George Stubbs in 1780 on a Wedgwood earthenware plaque. Above, Jasper fine-grained stoneware vase with classical basreliefs applied by hand.

2,500 people," says Sir Arthur Bryan now. "We've had to cope without them, and work overtime to do it, but at the time we would have been quite substantially harmed if we had not made these reductions."

Recovering Wedgwood's world markets to their present buoyancy was achieved, says Sir Arthur, by "a combination of aggressive selling, cutting costs at the factories, and making sure that new models were getting on to the market faster". A new shade of Jasper, teal, was introduced successfully towards the end of the recession, as were two new fine bone tableware shapes: the streamlined Shape 225, named for Wedgwood's anniversary last year, and a spirally fluted design called Candlelight at the lower end of the price scale. In those critical 18 months of recession, "we moved a bit faster than we would normally have done".

Fast movement in this industry is a challenge on many different levels, starting with the recalcitrant nature of its basic raw material, clay, which can vary from piece to piece in the way it handles. "The technical problems never stop," says John Mason, a shop-floor supervisor and a leader in the innovative quality circles at Barlaston, the heart of Wedgwood's operations in Staffordshire. Manufacturing processes are a fascinating mixture of technologies 250 years apart. At Barlaston, which makes 20,000 different items and in any one week will be processing 300,000 pieces from the clay stage (100,000 pieces at the lowest point in the recession), there are computerized graphic aids in the design studios and an advanced "dust press" machine that works with dry clay granules instead of wet "slip", cutting out four early stages in the manufacture of flat tableware. But the hand- and foot-operated lathe, developed by Josiah Wedgwood in 1763 to a design by Matthew Boulton, has still not been bettered for the delicate task of cutting fluted patterns on plates and pots. An exact replica is in daily use in the



factory and when demand requires it, about once a week, the historic original in the adjoin-

ing Wedgwood museum and visitor centre is

connected up for production work.
The first Josia Wedgwood, born in Burslem in
1730, virtually founded the English ceramics
industry in 1759 after a fruitful partnership with
the great potter Thomas Whieldon. His heirs have
built on a combination of assets, priceless in
today's marketing terms, of historical continuity,
quality and family connexion. Most of the other
famuous pottery companies lost any active family

involvement a century ago. The last Wedgwood to run the company, Josiah fifth, stepped down in 1967 after the firm, then known as Josiah Wedgwood & Sons Ltd. went public: it was a difficult decision for the family and one approved by a very narrow margin, but the prospect of large death duties had become an increasing threat as the company grew more profitable. Younger Wedgwoods had not been coming into the business, choosing careers elsewhere, but Sir Arthur Bryan, the managing director who became chairman in 1968, invited two family members outside the industry to join the board as non-executive directors, and they remain there today. Alan Wedgwood, son of a previous director, Tom Wedgwood, is a nuclear physicist, and Dr John Wedgwood, son of Josiah fifth, is head of a hospital and home for incurable diseases in Putney, south-west London.

Scientific connexions have always been a strong thread in a family that has spread its influence and relationships into many areas of British culture. Josiah I, a small man crippled from youth (he wore a wooden leg commissioned from a craftsman who made artists' lay figures), had various learned interests and was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society for his invention of a hightemperature gauge. His daughter Susannah married a Darwin and gave birth to Charles, the discoverer of natural selection in his theory of evolution (who also married a Wedgwood). The fourth Iosiah (all second sons in the family bore this name, while the eldest was always called John) was an internationally known MP-first Liberal, then Labour-who was made a peer in 1943. The composer Ralph Vaughan Williams was a kinsman, as was the economist Lord Keynes, and the historian Dame C. V. Wedgwood is a member of the family

The Wedgwood company has expanded steadily over the last 20 years, with a string of acquisitions after it went public. It includes such celebrated names as Coalport and Mason's fronstone; it has interests in crystal (Dartington Glass was makes sanitaryware and it also operates allourishing bone china hotelware division whose products are found on Concorde, in houses of parliament around the Commonwealth, and on the tables of many of the world's best-known hotels and restaurants. The company presents a Top 50° award to its hotelware customers who make outstanding culinary achievements holders include the Roux brothers Le Gawroche in Mayfair and the Waterside Inn at Bray, and country hotels such as Bodyseallen talla It landudno.

Wedgwood manufacturing in Britain is spread over all "Six fowns" in the Potteries, but its biggest factory and the profit pacesetter for the group is Brafaston, which makes bone china fine eartherware, oven-to-tableware and Jasper and black basait ornamental wares. A garden-city factory set in 550 green acres outside Stoke-on-Trent, it was the first all-electric plant in the smoke-clouded Potteries region when it opened for production in the hunspielous year of 1940.

brated names as Coalport and Mason's Ironstone:

Before fifth Josiah moved the bulk of the business there in 1939, production for 170 years merged with Wedgwood Crystal in 1982); it had been at the Etruria plant near Hanley, named

in honour of Etruscan classical wares made by Josiah I when hea this partner Thomas Bentley, a Liverpool merchant, established it in 1760. Bentley was responsible for setting up London show-rooms and introducing Wedgwood wares to the fashionable world. The "Wedgwood Rooms" to be found in large stores today, viewed as a revolutionary marketing idea when they were introduced in 1955, were a direct development of the first Josiah's instruction to Bentley to have "a Large Room... to enable me to shew various Table and desert [sic] services completely set out... And beside room for my Warre I must have more room for my Ladys, for they sometimes come in very large shoals togoether."

Etruria continued in production until 1950, but all that is left of it today is one circutal building and a wealth of artifacts in the Barlaston museum. (It is also the name of a British Rail commuter station outside Stoke, and there is another tiny halt called Wedgwood where the railway runs nast the Barlaston estate).

Josiah I was a tireless experimenter and his detailed notes, pattern books and trays of fired

samples or "trials" from Etruria provide a direct link with the beginnings of the English ceramic industry. Some of the company's most characterletic products were invented by its founder the green glaze; the cream-coloured earthenware which brought fine tableware to a wider public "useful", as josali kiled to describe his products) and so pleased Queen Charlotte that she directed it should be known as "Queen's Ware", the black basalt, made from dark clay, and the Jasper, developed in 1774 after many experiments.

Basil, whose rich black background was prized by Bith-century ladies—the pieces showed off their leisured, snowy hands to advantage—has adapted easily to modern fashion with striking combinations of matt and gloss textures, bearing out Josiah's observation that 'the Black is sterling and will list forever', Jasper, an unglazed, vitreous fine stoneware with white classical reliefs on a coloured ground, was the material in which Josiah I made his famous copies of the Portland Vase in 1793. When this treasure of Roman glassware was smashed in the British Museum by a vandal in 18146, it was Wedgwood's meticulous replicas—several are among the historic pieces on show at Barlaston—that enabled it to be accurately restored

Left, Sir Arthur Bryan,
Wedgwood's chairman, attributes
their success to "aggressive
selling, cutting costs at the
factories and making sure that new
models were getting on to the
market faster?"

Wedgwood did not make bone china until 1812, when the firm was run by Josiah's son, and began large-scale production of it only in 1878. A product almost exclusive to England, which makes 80 per cent of the world's output, its mixture of animal bone with the clay base makes it far stronger than porcelain and enables it to take colours better. Labour accounts for well over half the cost of each finished piece-more than 90 per cent in the case of some highly decorated patterns like the expensive Astbury with its raised borders built up in paste and finished in liquid gold. While the early stages of production are being increasingly mechanized—one man operating the new dust press can do the work of four with earlier machinery as well as saving 19 per cent of lost clay that would have needed recycling-machines still have their limitations.

Production director Christopher Johnson, who came to Wedgwood when his family firm, Johnson Brothers, was taken over in 1968 and who has been 27 years "in the pots", picks up a cup to demonstrate. Fingering the elegantly curved handle, he says machinery is "too inconsistent to put a decent glaze on it". It is done by hand, dipping and swirling and shaking off the surplus with a practised flick of the wrist. Neither can technology exercise the judgment needed at various quality-control checkpoints; "listening" to a piece after tapping it, to reveal the presence of a hairline crack, or "rating" items which may have a tiny flaw in the glaze but can still justify production because one particular decorative pattern will mask it

In 1981 Wedgwood became the first company in the Potteries to introduce quality circles, after Christopher Johnson read an article about them in a Sunday newspaper. Since then, companies in other industries have beaten a path to their door to study the concept, notably Rolls-Royce and Jaguar Cars. Initially viewed with suspicion by the pottery workers' union, the 110 quality circles, each comprising six to eight members who meet behind closed doors-no senior management present-to thrash out ideas for improving working techniques, have created a new sense of employee involvement in the business. Within six months there were tangible results-improved equipment, more efficient work routines, greater interest in the running of the factory as a whole. "We talk to management on the same level now." said one circle member.

Wedgwood has had a generally progressive record on industrial relations and was the

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Top, Wedgwood's best-selling line, Runnymede, in fine bone china. Centre, two new lines from the Shape 225 collection of fine bone china, launched in honour of Wedgwood's 225th anniversary in 1984. Apollo is shown left with Aurora right. Above, items from the 225th anniversary Jasper collection in white on teal, Wedgwood's new collection.



first in the industry to introduce works' councils and committees in 1920. The company today negotiates its annual wage award direct with the pottery union and not as part of the employers' federation, from which it resigned in 1979. "We're very open with them," said Johnson. "They know what we can afford."

In pursuit of its belief that incentive is the key to productivity, Wedgwood has a higher percentage of its employees on piecework than the rest of the industry—77 per cent for the group as a whole, and just under 80 per cent at Barlaston. At the end of each financial year, 5 per cent of the profits are shared out, amounting this year to £837,701 . shared among some 5,750 UK employees. A share-option scheme was introduced in 1980 but has yet to make any significant impact.

Management style at Barlaston is relaxed and informal-"it's Christian names all the way through," says Johnson. Senior executives live near by and are familiar figures on the shop floor. Sir Arthur Bryan, Potteries born and bred, lives in the neighbouring village in a house built for Josiah I's widow in 1805. He has been 38 years with the company, seeing its annual sales rise in that time from £655,000 to more than £146 million. He ioined in 1947 after RAF service and a spell as a bank clerk in Lombard Street, obtaining a grant under the Business Training Scheme introduced by Ernest Bevin, Sir Frederic Hooper and Lord Woolton to help servicemen after the war. He was very much influenced by the late Josiah Wedgwood, a man of simplicity and dedication to the business, who once expressed his working philosophy as "good pots and happy potters"

Bryan recently reorganized senior management to give managing directors within the group more responsibilities in the day-to-day running of the group as a whole. There are frequent meetings in the Stoke area where most of the factories are based, usually chaired by deputy managing director James Moffat. In its first six months the new arrangement has resulted, Bryan says, in "a great impetus and strength to product development, joint marketing and promotion and, most important, industrial relations".

Sir Arthur retains "a quite close involvement" in product development and design. On his rounds of the studios he will pick out sketches for "proofing", and all proofs are personally approved by him before going into production.

The competitive edge of any ceramic manufacturer rests heavily on its designs, and Wedgwood introduces about 20 new patterns each year—12 in bone china, and eight in oven-to-tableware and Queen's Ware. Since old lines are not discon-



Top, fast firing of bone china is essential in competitive production and has been Wedgwood's major recent advance in ceramics. Above, translucency and whiteness are checked after the first firing.

tinued at anything like the same rate, given the need of customers to replace and add to their services, the pressure on production is obvious, but new designs are nevertheless the lifeblood of new markets.

It takes 18 months to two years to bring a design to fruition "from first sketch to warehouse", as design director Robert Minkin puts it. The company employs 70 designers, modellers and pattern technicians, at home and abroad, half of them women, the majority graduates. "The days when designers used to come off the painting bench are more or less past," says Sir Arthur. Continuing a long tradition of using leading artists and sculptors for special commissions (designs by Eric Ravilious, killed in action in 1942, have now become a Wedgwood collectors' cult), it also calls on the talents of individuals like Arnold Machin, David Gentleman, Richard Guyatt and, recently, David Shilling the hat-designer, who is now branching into ceramics for Coalport.

Like many other consumer products, ceramics have become much more international in acceptance as a result of the shrinking global village created by television, cinema and glossy magazines. "Before the Second World War even Scotland and London had different tastes," says Bryan. "But there is much greater acceptance now of a shape or design in New York, Düsseldorf, London, Birmingham, Chicago, Toronto..." There still are some special requirements: the Italians like very grand and expensive-looking soup tureens; Americans prefer a cup to a plate for soup, and

Europe still has a market for three sizes of coffee pot and five sizes of milk jug.

"We retain an Englishness that has a great marketing advantage, but we still need an internationalism of design to go with our Englishness," says the Wedgwood chairman. The distinctive Shape 225, quite different from anything Wedgwood had done before, was created by a California studio.

New markets relate very much to trends in society. People are entertaining more at home, and buying more place settings (eight instead of six), but Britons still spend only £3 to £4 a head on tableware each year compared to £11 to £12 in West Germany, so there is always a search for the product that combines quality with a low price point. New techniques like underglaze decoration will help in cutting costs to the customer.

In a small, spartanly furnished office behind the glittering Wedgwood showrooms in London's Wigmore Street, Sir Arthur Bryan expresses optimism about the course of the business. "The world is expansionist—there are weak pockets but the buoyancy in some of our markets is encouraging. Japan is showing very great buoyancy. America has had a two-year boom which has slowed down, but the British market has held up remarkably well. Italy remains very strong. Holland, small but important for Wedgwood, is strong; Canada and Australia are good. Our order books are stronger than they have been for five years."

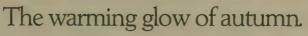
That said, he launches into a favourite diatribe against high interest rates for British companies struggling to maintain essential capital investment in the UK. Wedgwood now "shops around" since the abolition of the exchange controls in foreign currencies for its borrowing requirements, wherever interest rates are most competitive, and it employs half a dozen highly paid executives to do it: the savings are well worth it.

Following its recovery from recession, the company has returned to what Bryan calls "medium to generous investment", and there is a programme of expansion plans, including considerable recruitment in the hotelware factory, another dust press machine for Barlaston and a computerization programme there during the coming year that will end what Christopher Johnson calls a "nightmare" of clerical procedures.

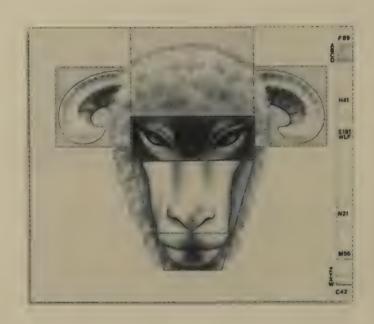
"But we're watching it very carefully," says Bryan, who is convinced that the level of interest rates has a direct connexion with inflation. "Interest rates in this country have been too high for too long."

Carol Kennedy is Deputy Editor of The Director.









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LEADENHALL



eadenhall Market, off Gracechurch Street EC2, is a covered general retail market for meat and poultry, fish, fruit, vegetables and many other items more or less essential for those living or working within the City. It was described, in "The Song of Leadenhall Market" published in The Illustrated London News of December 27, 1845 (displayed today in the window of a florist) as "the honoured home of all the people's grub".

A market has existed here since the 14th century, taking its name from a large house with a lead roof which then belonged to the Neville family, and which stood on the corner of Gracechurch Street. But it was a hub of activity much

earlier than this, for the market was built on the site of the Great Roman basilica, a remarkable building which included law courts, town hall and community centre. A section of Roman tessellated pavement, showing a drunken Bacchus riding a tiger, was excavated from beneath Leadenhall Market and is now in the British Museum. Part of the basilica's foundation wall stands today in the premises of Acuman, the men's outfitters at 90 Gracechurch Street—behind racks of men's suits in the basement of the shop—which was once an abattoir.

The market was destroyed in the Great Fire of 1666 but was rebuilt round three courtyards, the

first originally used for the sale of beef, the second for veal, mutton and lamb and the third for herbs (for which, along with meat, the market was renowned), fruit and vegetables. It was here that Samuel Pepys bought "a leg of beef, a good one, for sixpence". The present buildings, with their fine glass and ironwork, were designed by Sir Horace Jones and erected in 1881. As well as shops the market houses good cafés and pubs, and on weekdays is a lively mixture of City suits, butchers' aprons and the pervasive smell of fresh fish. It is officially open from 7am to 5pm, Mondays to Fridays, but as the market men will tell you: "We work banking hours".

A garden of delights in Dorset



Although it covers only 2 acres, the Hubbards' garden at Chilcombe House, Dorset, is an intricate jigsaw of separate enclosures, each different in style and planting. Photographs by Pamla Toler

their Dorset garden they assumed I had made a mistake. It must be some other garden I had in mind. Theirs was much too small and not nearly grand enough. Indeed, they said, a lady from Porallowed to see it, had flashed around in eight minutes and then berated in opening it at all

is genuine. In their 16 years at Chilfrom scratch a garden to rank with chocolate cake. any in the country for beauty, orig-

I could write about can only be described as painterly in its combinations of colours and shapes. John Hubbard is a distinguished painter; his wife Carvl is a power in the London art world. The lock, who had specially asked to be than in many more famous gardens

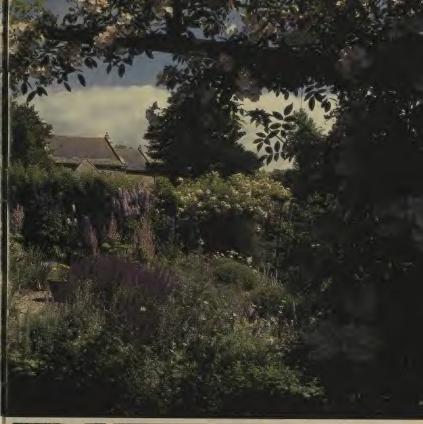
All they inherited from their preold apple tree. But they were lucky combe House they have created in having no frost, and soil as rich as

When plants sink their roots into garden late spring to autumn.

en I asked the Hubbards inality and interest, a garden which this delicious mixture, topped up with mulches of compost and manure, they reach a size to confound the gardening books. The musk rose Felicia, which is a spindly 3 feet by 3 feet in my Cotswold frost garden may cover only 2 acres, but pocket, has achieved something there is more to see at Chilcombe nearer 8 feet by 8 feet in the Hubbards' front garden. And the rose Isfahan has grown so mightily that John Hubbard is beginning to think it them soundly for their presumption decessors, who were farmers, not must be something else (a tree?). gardeners, was a patch of annuals in The only serious drawback is the Their modesty is as misplaced as it the courtyard, two Irish yews and an relentless wind. It makes being outside in the winter months so disagreeable that the Hubbards decided bowered in honeysuckles and roses to concentrate on developing the all ready for a hot, sunny day and a

The garden is divided into three. There is the courtyard in front of the drawing room, sheltered on three sides, with a wonderful view across the gentle folds of the Dorset hills. Two box-edged beds are planted in a closely woven carpet of pink and blue and lavender and silver, designed to make an effective pattern when viewed from the upper windows, and there is room out of the wind for a table and chairs. (One of Chilcombe's welcoming features is the abundance of sitting-out places in every sheltered corner. bottle of chilled white wine.) >>>











garden, above and left, has beds outlined in pebble-and-brick paths made by John Hubbard. The grey stone house is glimpsed through the luxuriant plants while yews supply points of emphasis

All round the garden are pleasant places to sit, far left, sheltered from the prevailing wind. Centre left, a 19th century pump and its bowl are enlivened by glowing yellow pansies.



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painter's eye for colour has clearly influenced the choice of plants throughout Chilcombe. Other plantings contribute to the picture by their architectural form.



» From what used to be the front door, a lawn slopes down to a wall parallel to the house. To its left, a fountain brims over in the centre of a bed of lushly planted arum lilies and alstroemerias, while in the corner a Rouen lilac and cascades of the climbing rose May Queen shade a favourite sitting-out place.

Below that enclosure is a fascinating and intricate series of separate gardens, each with its own atmosphere and style, each one small in scale but not in the least fussy. In one, a standard white wistaria stands in the middle of a grass lawn edged with espaliered pears and the climbing rose Reine des Violettes. In another, there is a low grid of beautifully planted beds, outlined in pebble-and-brick paths laid by John Hubbard. To the left of the pebble garden, at right angles to the house, runs a wide double border which Irish yews punctuate like exclamation marks-it was the first part of the garden made. To the right is the arbour, festooned in clematis, honeysuckles and climbing roses, an idea copied from Cranborne Manor. There is also an orchard and, their latest venture, a potager (old-style kitchen garden), which replaces a hideous netting cage for soft fruit.

The potager combines the decorative and the practical with verve and imagination. The wedge-shaped beds edged with lettuce and parsley have standard gooseberries and sweet peas trained up pillars to give height, and curly pink lettuce, ruby chard and purple-leaved basil for colour. Flowers and frivolously decorative vegetables hobnob in perfect visual harmony. (Next year serious but unattractive vegetables will be banished to the other side of the arbour out of sight behind a tall line of *Viburnum opulus*.)

The colours at Chilcombe are extraordinary for their freshness and the way they counterpoint or complement each other; sometimes it is a combination of two nearly identical

colours but different shapes and textures-the summer pudding mixture, for instance, of the rich velvety purple of Clematis "Ville de Lyon" and the faded violet and raspberry of the climbing rose Bleu Magenta, or a peachy pink honeysuckle scrambling through the pink climbing rose Albertine. At other times it is a startling contrast: John Hubbard will set the blues and whites of the pebble garden on fire with a pot of clear orange marigolds, or lift the possibly insipid pink of a diascia with a clash of the completely different pink of Verbena "Sissinghurst". "All colours only really work in relation to other colours," he says, wondering aloud if he has not made a mistake putting a Salvia patens next to the peach, apricot and melon of the alstroemerias by the fountain. "That blue may be just too true for them.'

The garden may not be the size of Sissinghurst, but it is very closely planted and immaculately looked after. Caryl Hubbard has to spend a fair amount of time in London, but helps as much as she can with the planning and planting, particularly in the potager. Patrick Niven, their gardener, comes in three days a week, and someone else helps with mowing and edging. John Hubbard does as much as possible in two fulltime, two-week bursts in spring and autumn, plus the few hours each evening he can spare from his painting. The Hubbards propagate a lot of their plants themselves (and Mr Niven is a dab hand), and they obtain new ones from Green Farm Nursery at Bentley, near Farnham.

Chilcombe is a truly delightful garden, a real feast for the eye. It is open for the National Gardens Scheme only two days next year, but if you should happen to be in Dorset at the right time then you would be mad to miss it \bigcirc

The garden at Chilcombe House, Chilcombe, near Bridport, Dorset is open on Sunday, June 15 and Sunday July 6, 1986, 1-7pm.

LOST OBJECTIVITY

BY EDWARD LUCIE-SMITH

Despite some omissions, the Royal Academy's survey of 20th-century German art richly shows how Modernism won swift acceptance in pre-Hitlerian Germany, re-emerging amid post-war materialism.



Franzi with doll, 1910, by Erich Heckel, a founder member of the Die Brücke group of Expressionists based in Dresden.



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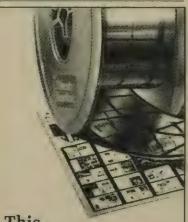
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declining years.

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erman 20th-century art has been a contentious subject, both politically and culturally. German Art in the 20th Century (October 11-December 22), the Royal Academy's celebration of German achievement in the visual arts during the past 80 years, may heal some wounds, but will open others. It demonstrates, although clearly without meaning to do so, how impossible it still is to produce a balanced view. The thesis put forward by the exhibition is two-fold. It claims that the German art of our epoch has been of international importance, and that the much-Neue Wilden vaunted Expressionists) are the true heirs of the artists who committed Germany to modernism—the members of the Expressionist groups Die Brücke and Der Blaue Reiter.

In part, therefore, the show is a justification of the controversial A New Spirit in Painting, staged at the RA in 1981. This introduced the Neo-Expressionists to the British public and was largely responsible for launching their work on to the international art market. Two of its organizers are involved with this present exhibition, Norman Rosenthal, Exhibitions Secretary of the RA, and the Berlin-based critic, Christos Joachimides. Their third colleague is Professor Wieland Schmied, who organized the Neue Sachlichkeit (New Objectivity) exhibition held at the Hayward Gallery in 1978.

As we are dealing here to some extent with propaganda disguised as objective history, it is as well to identify what is missing before discussing what is actually on view. Among the classic names of the pre-Nazi period, three are conspicuous by their absence—Ernst Barlach, Käthe Kollwitz and John Heartfield. The absence of Kollwitz (d 1945), though she has more to say about Germany and its fate than almost any other artist, is perhaps excusable. since the show does not attempt to deal with the output of prints and other graphic work which was a unique feature of the "first" Expressionism.

Barlach (d 1938) is a more powerful sculptor with a greater significance for the history of German art



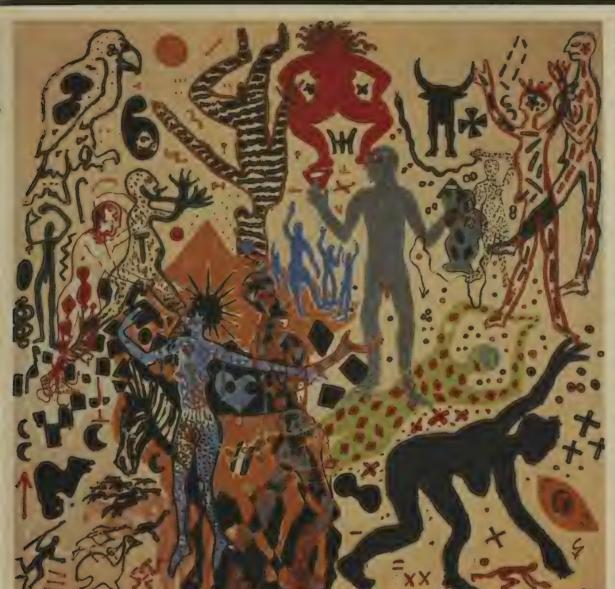
cluded. The protests aroused by his work, even under Weimar, were part of the build-up to full-scale persecution of modern artists after 1933, of which he was himself a conspicuous victim. Heartfield is essential to an understanding of the Dada movement in Germany, which has a whole room devoted to its achievements at the RA. The only plausible explanation for the absence of Barlach and Heartfield is that they are artists who have become identified (in one case only posthumously) with the East German régime, and the bulk of their surviving work is now in East Germany.

Another whose absence becomes more surprising the more one thinks about it is László Moholy-Nagy (d 1946). All the other major artists associated with the Bauhaus are included—Feininger, Kandinsky, Klee and Schlemmer. Moholy was a Hungarian who died in America, but he found himself as an artist in the Germany of the 1920s and he had an immense influence on the Bauhaus, where he directed the all-important Preliminary Course throughout 1923-28, the school's most productive and influential period. With-

out some reference to his work, it is impossible to understand the significance of the post-war Zero Group (whose members are included as a kind of counterbalance to the *Neue Wilden*). And, after all, Kandinsky was a Russian who died in France, and Feininger an American. Moholy is far more essentially "German" in terms of the contribution he made to national culture than the unfortunate Wols, who renounced Germany in his late teens and went to work in

Two important groups are unrepresented among the post-war German artists. It is unrealistic, given the political divisions of our time, to lament the absence of leading East German artists such as Wille Sitte, Werner Tübke, Bernhard Heisig and Volker Stelzmann, though their presence would at least have made it clear that the post-war Expressionist revival began more than 20 years ago on the other side of the Berlin Wall. More puzzling is the absence of any representatives of the Ugly Realism which flourished in West Berlin in the 1970s. Wolfgang Petrick, Klaus Vogelsang and, above all, Johannes Grützke deserve a place in any survey of German art since 1945.

Phone []



Metaphysical passage through a zebra, 1975, by A. R. Penck, who now lives in London and calls his work Standart, a pun on art and standards/banners.

Their relationship to the *Neue Sachlichkeit* parallels the one between such Neo-Expressionists as Georg Baselitz and Karl-Horst Hödicke and the artists of *Die Brücke*.

So German Art in the 20th Century does not have the representative status its title claims for it. What it does have is a large number of powerful and moving works of art covering Expressionism, Dadaism, the Neue Sachlichkeit, exiles such as Max Ernst and Wols, Bauhaus internationalism, and a range of post-war developments.

Certain salient points emerge from a closer look at the history of the Modern Movement in Germany. One is that the Modernist idea met a more rapid acceptance in Germany, once it had taken root, than it did anywhere else in Europe. In a curious way aspiring Modernists benefited from the surviving German, Romantic tradition which emphasized the primacy of feeling. An important section of the cultured middle class responded to aspects of the new art in a deeply emotional way. The Van Gogh exhibitions held in Dresden and Munich during the first decade of the century struck a profound chord and prepared gallery-goers for the emergence of a similar German art. Kirchner and Nolde, despite the apparent extremism of their imagery, were soon absorbed into the cultural mainstream, as were their Expressionist colleagues.

The First World War and the social and political collapse that followed brought with it an alliance between radical art and radical politics which had not previously existed in so explicit a form. It surfaced first in the drawings George Grosz made during the later part of the war, and found its most aggressive expression during the early 1920s in the art of the Dadaists.

But not all German avant-garde artists were radicals, and some were not even liberals. Emil Nolde, for instance, felt sympathy for the "blood and soil" philosophy professed by the emergent National Socialist Party. By the later 20s even artists like Grosz and Dix were beginning to separate themselves from the organized left.

Nazi persecution of modern art had not one motivation but a wide variety. There was hatred of satirists such as Heartfield, who retained links with the Communist Party. There was Hitler's personal vendetta against a fraternity which had rejected his own ambitions as an artist. There was petit bourgeois of successful, important people: many Modernists now held professorships in Germany's principal art academies. There was a xenophobic, obscure feeling that the Modern Movement was linked to the humiliating defeat of 1918, since it had all too accurately chronicled its effect on German society. The Nazi campaign against "degenerate art" was a back-handed acknowledgement of the important place the Modernists had achieved in German life.

When Hitler came to power, German Modernists discovered a terrible weakness in their positiontheir market was almost entirely German-speaking. Throughout the Weimar epoch the German art world welcomed—as previously—avantgarde art from all sources, and famous dealers like Paul Cassirer and Alfred Flechtheim kept the German public in touch with every Parisian development as it took place. But there was no reciprocal interest in German art in France and little more in America, and when the refugees arrived with such possessions as they had been able to save, the modern German paintings they brought were regarded as being of scant interest. Forbidden to exhibit or sell in their homeland, German artists found few buyers abroad.

After the Second World War, Germany at first lacked confidence in its own culture, and European art in general came under American dominance. What revived first was the tradition of collecting modern art. With the post-war resurgence of the German economy, collectors were able to express their enthusiasm for successive new art movements. American Pop Art, in particular, is probably better represented in public and private collections in Germany than in the United States.

The artist to make the international breakthrough for post-war German culture was that strange figure Joseph Beuys. He adopted the role of the shaman within industrial society, and succeeded in demonstrating its validity. In Germany itself, Beuys's appeal was quite specifically for the discontented young, searching for leadership within a complacently material society.

The Neo-Expressionists who have followed Beuvs on to the international stage supply the RA show with its culmination and in a sense its raison d'être. They have made an uneasy truce with the Germany of the 1980s; and they stand for a renewed consciousness of the German past and an attempt to come to terms with even its most sinister aspects (this is conspicuous in the work of Anselm Kiefer); an assertion that German attitudes towards art have the universal validity denied to them in the first half of the century; and a conviction that the cultural traffic between Europe and America can no longer go only one way. These are eminently respectable ambitions and they deserve our unbiased scrutiny. What is perhaps a little disturbing on this particular occasion is the feeling that the audience for modern art is also being subjected to a skilful marketing operation on a par with those mounted in the past for Mercedes and Volkswagen. The dealers Flechtheim and Cassirer treated both their artists and their clientele with more respect

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Excavating the Amsterdam

by Peter Marsden

The *Amsterdam*, wrecked near Hastings in 1749, is the best preserved East Indiaman in existence. Peter Marsden, archaeological director of its 1984 excavation, reviews his findings.



The Dutch East Indiaman Amsterdam, wrecked on the shore near Hastings in 1749, has been claimed to be Holland's Mary Rose. In 1984 and 1985 major archaeological excavations underwater by a Dutch foundation revealed part of the hull structure at the stern, parts of the upper and lower gun decks, and confirmed that two-thirds of the ship and its contents had, remarkably, survived in a thick bed of clay and quicksand. Equally extraordinary is the degree to which the objects discovered inside the ship link up with the exceptionally well preserved documentary records, both in the Netherlands and in England. In this way the excavations have added important new information to our understanding of the terrible events in January, 1749, which led to her loss. In particular the investigations have focused on the mutiny that occurred in the Channel soon after the ship began the first leg of her long maiden voyage to Jakarta, in Java.

The preparations for these excavations began during the extreme low tides of March and April, 1984,

when the ship was exposed on the beach for a few hours. Contractors surrounded the stern half of the hull with sheet-piling, to give extra support to the sides of the ship when the 4-metre-deep excavation took place. In addition a large diving platform 9 metres high was constructed beside the ship, and it was on this in the summer of 1984 that the archaeologists first saw the historic objects raised from below.

It was decided to begin the excavations at the stern, where human bones had been found by treasure-hunters using mechanical excavators at low tide in 1969. Also found at that time, but in various parts of the ship, were five small bronze guns bearing the A—VOC insignia of the Dutch East India Company, glass bottles still full of wine, and many personal possessions belonging to the 335 people on board. With these the wreck was identified without doubt as the *Amsterdam*.

However, since the 1969 discoveries had all been scooped up with little information about where they were found, it was essential that in

the latest excavations the exact location of each undisturbed object should be recorded under the supervision of Jon Adams and Jerzy Gawronski, the two diving archaeologists. Only in this way would it be possible to reconstruct the original layout of objects as abandoned in 1749, and the events that occurred when the ship was wrecked.

Since the excavation was to be underwater, with a maximum visibility of 2 to 3 metres, it was necessary to devise special surveying procedures. Fortunately, Nick Rule, a programmer, kindly adapted his computer-based direct survey method program which he had devised to record features on the Tudor warship Mary Rose. The archaeologists merely had to run tape measures from any four survey points down to any feature to be measured, and, regardless of the angle of the tapes, the computer converted the measurements into horizontal eastings, northings and depth on a hypothetical grid which was related to ordnance datum. The survey points, a series of hooks, were

The wreck seen at low tide. In the background is the diving platform, designed to be just above sea level at high tide.

fastened to steel girders laid across the stern excavation area by divers from the Royal Engineers.

Although the excavations revealed a confusion of gun equipment, medical supplies, stores of food and drink, and personal possessions, these became meaningful only when assessed with the historical evidence for the ship; and so throughout the excavations and afterwards it was necessary to consult the extensive documentary records. These told a remarkable story.

The Amsterdam was a new ship of 700 tons, said to be armed with 52 or 54 guns. Her condition should have been secure and clean, and therefore not the cause of the mutiny that led to her loss. After being launched in Amsterdam, probably in September, 1748, she was sailed to a mooring off the island of Texel at the mouth of the Zuyder Zee, and was there loaded with a mixed cargo including thousands of bottles of wine, ***

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» y quantities of textiles, and more than 2½ tons of silver in the form of ducatons and ingots. Her Captain, Willem Klump, a man of 33, who with his wife Margareta and his infant son lived on the Prinsengracht in Amsterdam, was not new to commanding ships on voyages to the Far East, and it is unlikely that the many deaths that were so soon to occur were his fault.

Nearly one-sixth of the crew of 335 who joined the ship at Texel were to die. The complement comprised sailors, soldiers, craftsmen, officers and a handful of passengers. The passengers included the young Company merchant Andries van Bockom and his wife Pieternella, who had been married for only a few months and who managed to survive the forthcoming nightmare. Fortunately we know a great deal about these and other people, for the annual paybook for 1748-49 is still preserved in the Dutch State Archives at The Hague. This book illustrates the remarkable way in which the records for this ship have survived, for it is the earliest of only seven annual volumes of the Company that now exist, the remaining 190 or so having been destroyed during the 19th century.

After false starts due to contrary winds, the Amsterdam eventually set sail on January 8, 1749, on a voyage that was due to last about nine months. However, as soon as the ship entered the Channel she encountered a gale, which by about January 24 had become so severe that the Amsterdam, now in Pevensey Bay, struck the sea bed and had her rudder torn off. Captain Klump wanted to sail on to Portsmouth for repairs, but the crew had other plans. They wanted to leave the ship without further delay. And so the mutiny occurred.

But no other mutiny took place in any other ship caught in this gale, and it is to the English records that we must turn for the reasons for the mutiny on the Amsterdam. Of particular importance are a group of letters sent by some of the inhabitants of Hastings to one John Collier who was at that time recovering in Bath from a heart attack. They describe the day-to-day events during the early stages of the wreck, and mention that during the final two weeks before January 26, 1749, 50 of the crew had died and 40 more were sick or dying. Within living memory of this event the story was being recorded in Hastings that a disease had caused the large number of deaths, and that the crew had mutinied so as to get off the ship. The Dutch records tell us nothing of the deaths, disease or mutiny, and Klump may have tried to cover up the fact that he had lost control. However, there can be no doubt that Klump had done so, for when his ship was run ashore on January 26 many of the crew were drunk.

Indeed the archaeological remains support this, for in 1984 various poorly corked wine bottles were found on the lower gun deck, showing that they had been broached before the shipwreck.

Among the thousands of objects found in the ship, it has been essential to isolate those that are significant, in order to reconstruct events in the vessel. Particularly important are two fired lead musket balls, for these indicate that the confrontation between the officers and the crew, which probably occurred on January 25, apparently included shooting. The official records of the Dutch East India Company have no mention of shooting, but the presence of the musket balls is otherwise difficult to explain. However, since it is just possible that musket balls could have been fired from the shore by the English soldiers subsequently guarding the ship, the question was asked whether the fired musket balls were English or Dutch? Modern science was brought to bear on the problem.

It was reasoned that if an analysis of the lead could show that the fired musket balls and the unfired East India Company musket balls from the ship were from the same lead source, then the fired balls should be Dutch. Alternatively, if they were from different sources they were more likely to be English, since the likelihood that the English musket balls came from the same lead source as the Dutch was extremely

The lead isotope analysis was carried out during 1984 by Dr Noël Gale of the Department of Geology at Oxford University. He concluded that although the lead source was not known, "the only sure finding is that both the fired and unfired balls came from the same lead source". The shooting was evidently by the Dutch

An even more interesting discovery in the ship are some human bones that have so far been recovered in disturbed contexts over the lower gun deck at the stern. These have been identified beyond reasonable doubt as from Adrian Welgevaren, who seems to have been the Captain's cabin boy. As he was not buried at sea like the rest of the crew, it is most likely that he died on January 25 or 26, and in view of his association with Klump it is possible that he was killed during the mutiny. Most of his leg bones were found in 1969, and four more bones were recovered during 1984, all from the lower half of his body.

They were examined by Barbara West, a human-bone specialist at the Museum of London, who pointed out that the ends of the bones had not been fully fused. This indicated that the individual was aged between 13 and 15 years, and that he could only be one of the three ship's boys. A historical study of the paybook showed that two of the boys





Top, the leg bones of the ship's boy, Adrian Welgevaren, and the musket balls which may have killed him. Top right, a silk flower on a bronze wire frame. Above, Captain Willem Klump's initials carved on the lid of his chest.

were subsequently employed in other East Indiamen, and so it must have been the third, unlisted, boy to whom the bones belonged—Adrian Welgevaren.

But who was Adrian Welgevaren? His bones were puzzling on their own account for they did not fit the historians' picture of only the poorest people undertaking the menial jobs in the East India Company. Because death accompanied almost every voyage to the Indies, usually only the most desperate, starving people offered themselves for employment in East Indiamen like the Amsterdam, and Adrian was presumably one of these because he was paid a miserable wage of 5 guilders a month (about £1.10). The bones were X-rayed to find Harris's lines, indicating stages of arrested growth caused by malnutrition, but they were absent. If he came from a poor family he was well nourished.

The search then switched to the archives at Leerdam, Utrecht and The Hague to find Adrian's family, and it soon revealed, surprisingly, that Adrian had been born in Utrecht and was the son of a quite wealthy family. His mother had died when he was only three years old, and his father remarried later and eventually became an alderman of the small market town of Leerdam where the family lived, in central Netherlands. But with no need for food and shelter, why was Adrian employed in the

Amsterdam? Further research supplied the probable answer, for in his youth during the 1720s Adrian's father had followed a career in the East India Company, and as he became relatively wealthy he presumably rose to a position of responsibility.

The paybook implies that Adrian Welgevaren's father had reached an agreement with Captain Klump whereby Klump would teach Adrian seafaring skills, in return for payment. In this way Adrian should have been cushioned from the evils of the voyage to the East, and would have received a basic training in a career that could lead to a senior position in the Company. But the *Amsterdam* was not a normal ship; and Adrian, born on January 26, 1734, almost certainly died on his birthday exactly 15 years later.

The gale was at its height on the afternoon of Sunday, January 26, 1749. The crew, now in charge, sailed the *Amsterdam* towards the coast about half-way between Hastings and Bexhill, and at high tide ran her aground on the clay sea bed. Miraculously, she had missed the sandstone reefs outcropping underwater near by to west and east that would have torn out her bottom.

When the tide was low that night, the sea around the stricken ship was sufficiently shallow for everyone on board to wade ashore. However, they had to abandon their possessions, and even the ship's treasure was left unattended, so that in the confusion local smugglers from Hastings, who had managed to climb on board, were able to remove the silver ingots from one of the treasure chests.



The 1984-85 excavations have shown clear evidence of the chaos that existed within the now abandoned ship. The surgeon had left behind Delftware drug jars of medicines, and medical equipment in the form of several syringes for enemas; and Pieternella Schook or her sister Catharina had left a fine dress, part of the quilted silk petticoat of which, decorated with a heart and flowers, was found in 1984. Other items abandoned by the ladies included fans, a high-heeled shoe, artificial flowers of silk on a bronze wire frame, and a pewter spoon bearing the initials PBS—Pieternella Bockom Schook. Part of the skeleton of a small pet dog was also found, so small as probably to be a lady's pet. Presumably it was overlooked and died in the confusion on board.

Within a short while the local people at Hastings discovered the nature of the cargo and supplies in this heavily laden ship. Particularly important were the wine, silver and textiles, and significantly all but the silver has left extensive traces. In 1984 the diving archaeologists found a damaged case of onion-shaped wine bottles which is of particular interest since it now becomes clear how such odd-shaped bottles were packed: they were laid in layers in straw, each layer alternating between right way up and upside down, the latter wedged in the gaps between the former.

The ship's stores were also scattered on the lower gun deck amid the gun ramrods and barrels of lead musket balls. From the Dutch and English records we know that there was butter, bacon and beef, all of which were found in 1984. What is thought to be the butter has been found in several lead-clad wooden barrels, the contents now being reduced to a decayed animal fat. Barrels were raised in 1984 and 1985 which are inscribed "No 1 GIANT", "No 6 GIANT" and "No 8 GIANT", and are accompanied by a clover-like design which might be a shamrock. If it is indeed a shamrock then it should show that these barrels contained the cheap Irish butter which the Company supplied for its crews. The lead cladding is particularly interesting, for it represents an early attempt at canning food to preserve it during the nine-month long voyage. The cladding was probably Dutch since the lead from one other barrel was found bearing the inscription "A.D. NŸS". This Dutch name suggests that it contained the better quality Frisian butter used by the officers.

The research on the thousands of objects is still at an early stage, and the study of the historical significance of many of them cannot begin until the conservation process has been completed at the Central Laboratory in Amsterdam. But already it is clear that substantial new knowledge about the story of this ship and her small community is beginning to accumulate, particularly as the hull and its contents are so well preserved. The excellent state of survival is due to the fact that it took just two months for the Amsterdam to sink 8 or 9 metres into the soft seabed after she ran ashore, making salvage by the East India Company impossible. The dark and completely saturated environment arrested decay to such an extent that even part of a beautifully carved fish tail, at the base of the wooden stern decoration, survived.

But since the ship, her contents and her story are so well documented it might be wondered why we should go to the great expense of preserving her, it is to be hoped, in the city of Amsterdam. The reason is simple: internationally this ship remains the only known well preserved survivor of the many East Indiamen of several European nations, including Britain, which pioneered the route between Europe and Asia and opened up this intercontinental trade on a large scale. This trade had an effect which lasts to this day in the settlement patterns, trade and politics of a number of countries, including South Africa, India and Indonesia.

At a national level the Amsterdam is the sole surviving, well preserved and well equipped historic ship representing the extraordinary international maritime achievement of the Netherlands in the 17th and 18th centuries. But on a more local level the Amsterdam is also important, for she is part of the history of Hastings. In recognition of this, and also of the enthusiastic help given by the British, the Dutch foundation responsible for the ship has kindly agreed that part of the collection of antiquities will be made available for display in the new Shipwreck Heritage Centre which is being built at Hastings by the Nautical Museums Trust. The Centre will be opened during 1986 C

Peter Marsden's book, *The Wreck of the Amsterdam*, is published by Hutchinson at £7.95.

PORTUGAL



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GEORGE KNIGHT

Overseas

Project XX moves into high gear

Stuart Marshall on the executive saloon, the latest collaboration from Honda and Austin Rover.

The growing co-operation between Austin Rover Group (ARG) and Honda recognizes an essential truth in motor manufacturing: that it is now a completely internationalized business in which the biggest companies, even the giants such as Ford and Fiat, can no longer manage entirely alone. For ARG and Honda, two relatively small firms in world terms, this would be equally out of the question. Quite simply, they need each other to survive as volume car producers.

The companies have been working together for more than five years. They will share components and technology on a growing scale, but will retain their separate identities. So far, this has been mostly one-way traffic, with Austin Rover making a mid-sized Honda car, the Ballade, under licence. It was first known as the Triumph Acclaim. Now completely restyled, it is called the Rover 200 series.

Although the car was designed by Honda, which also supplies the engine, transmission, suspension and instruments, Austin Rover manufactures the body, paints and trims it and assembles it for sale in Britain and Europe. The more powerful Rover 216 models now have a 1.6 litre ARG engine like the one used in the Austin Montego and Maestro. And the 2-litre-engined Maestro and Montego, designed and developed by ARG, have Honda gearboxes, which will shortly be made in Britain.

The collaboration with Honda has given Austin Rover, for the first time in years, competitive mid-size cars in the Rover 200 and, before that, the Triumph Acclaim. This, combined with enormous management effort and a more realistic attitude on the part of the work-force, has meant that Britain's sole surviving major car maker—all the others are subsidiaries of foreign companies—has been doing rather better.

The company no longer makes the kind of news it did when the charismatic Sir Michael Edwardes was cleansing the Augean stables of Longbridge and Cowley (and closing that of Speke). This is a good sign: strife and disaster make headlines; steady progress does not.

The facts speak for themselves. In the first part of this year ARG was the only British-based major car maker to increase sales in its own home market: sales of both Ford and General Motors (Vauxhall) declined. On the Continent, a market once almost given up for lost, ARG has also



been making a real impact, with sales of more than 10,000 cars in July, when it took 2.3 per cent of the French market for cars. That may not seem spectacular when set against the 9.3 per cent taken by French cars in Britain that month, but compared to the dark days of the early 1980s it is a startling achievement—in the past the French have managed to sell many more of their cars to Britain than we could ever sell British cars to the French.

The co-operation with Honda is moving into high gear. The first results will be revealed at Tokyo Motor Show from October 30 until November 11 where Honda will give the first public display of what it calls Project HX and what ARG knows as Project XX. This is an entirely new vehicle, an executive-class saloon that will put Austin Rover back into the luxury market (the current big Rovers will have been discontinued) and lift Honda into a sector from which it has been absent.

Project XX (or HX) is a completely co-operative car. It will first appear as a four-door saloon, to be followed shortly by a five-door hatchback and later by a two-door coupé. Rover and Honda versions will look distinctively different, although they will share the floor pan, the modern equivalent of a chassis, and major mechanical components. ARG will make both Rover and Honda versions for sale in Europe: Honda will do likewise for Japan and south-east Asia. Both companies will supply their own versions to the United States, where ARG

confidently expects to have a highly successful and saleable product for the first time since the MG was the toast of the West Coast in the 1950s and 60s

The appearance of Honda's version at the Tokyo Show in late October will be followed by that of the Rover in mid 1986. This car could, it is said, have been ready for unveiling earlier but for Honda's decision to make changes to the engine mountings at an awkward time for ARG. In any case, the Japanese-built Honda version is unlikely to go on sale until the spring of 1986, by which time its Rover counterpart will be weeks rather than months away.

A lot of information on Project XX has already leaked out. It is known that it will be front-wheel driven, powered by a 2.5 litre V6 engine from Honda and initially have a five-speed manual gearbox, although a four-speed automatic transmission will soon be added. A diesel version, with a 2 litre, four-cylinder engine evolved from the current ARG Oseries petrol engine, will also be offered, mainly for European buyers. This direct-injection diesel will also be turbocharged.

The brakes will be discs all round, with an anti-locking system standard on the costlier models, optional on others. The most luxurious models will, it is said, have traditional English interiors, with wood veneer on the fascia and doors and finest hide on the seats. No other country makes this kind of car interior as well as Britain does.

Prospective US dealers who have

seen mock-ups of the new car are reported to have been so ecstatic that ARG believes its prediction of 20,000 sales annually in the USA at prices between \$15,000 and \$24,000 may be a considerable underestimate. The new car may even offer competition to the recently privatized Jaguar, whose rather old-fashioned but apparently ageless cars are breaking all previous sales records in America.

The British-designed ARG products-Metro, Maestro, Montego and, one must not forget, the veteran Mini-are holding the fort in Britain. They are better built now than they have ever been. Metro was the fourth most popular car among British buyers in the first half of the year; Montego has been making its presence felt in the critically important fleet market, normally dominated by Ford and Vauxhall. The admirable Montego estate car is the third bestselling vehicle of its kind after the Ford Escort and Sierra estates. Introducing five-door versions of the Metro a year ago increased the model's popularity.

When Metro is replaced in about three years, its successor will not, as was suggested, have a Honda engine. It will be powered by a new ARG unit, the so-called K-series engine in up to 1.4 litres capacity and with technology superior to that of the current 12 valve Honda 1.3 engine used in some Rover 200 series cars. Investment of £250 million in the Kseries engine has been authorized by the Government, still ARG's ultimate paymaster as privatization has been ruled out during the life of the present Parliament. To justify such an investment it is necessary to make more engines than the current Metro production requires. That means selling them to rival car

When it is time to replace Maestro, now nearly three years old, another co-operative project like the XX will take its place. But this is for the future, at the end of the present decade.

ARG knows it is now turning out a high-quality product but recognizes that it still has to persuade the carbuying public of the fact. Only time, and awareness that ARG cars match competitors' standards of performance and reliability, will bring to an end the crisis of confidence that almost destroyed Britain's only native producer of large numbers of cars. But Honda is convinced and that is significant \bigcirc

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TRAVEL

China's Himalayan mountain city

by Michael Baines

The walled city of Dali, high in the Chinese Himalayas on the old Burma road, was opened to foreigners this year—an arduous trek but rewarding.

It was with a great sense of relief that we left behind the morose Russian restaurant car on the Trans-Siberian Railway to transfer to a Mongolian car and delightful food served by a friendly waitress. There was one more tense midnight border crossing to go before we entered the Peoples' Republic of China at Erlian, where music was playing, officials greeted us warmly and people were actually smiling and laughing.

We had come to Beijing (Peking) to visit our son who was approaching the end of a year at Beijing Normal University with about 40 other western students. We had also brought his nine-year-old sister along, so our arrival was a much celebrated event on the huge campus.

After a crash course on how to push your way on to buses, order meals and book rooms, unlearn ingrained table manners and, most importantly, buy railway tickets—all with minimal Chinese—we bought "hard sleeper" tickets for a three-day and three-night train ride to Kunming, city of eternal spring in the foothills of the Himalayas, towards the Burmese border.

Travelling as a family gave us a group identity to which our fellow passengers, naturally friendly and open, immediately responded. We were the only Europeans among the 2,000 or so passengers on the train, and by the end of the journey it was as if we had chatted with everybody on board who could speak any words of English, and everyone knew all about us.

Kunming, 6,300 feet above sea level and with a population approaching two million, was refreshingly different after the grey, austere north. Rows of houses are painted red or green, there are tea houses, bustling street markets, a wide variety of fruit and vegetables, hot food and hot tempers to match. It was a pleasant surprise, nevertheless, to come across a scene familiar to us from the north: traditional opera being re-enacted in the open. Groups of people mostly old, gather in the shade of Green Lake Park to watch and listen to the musicians or even to join in.

After two days' recuperation we were ready for the last stage of our journey, a gruelling 12 hour bus ride through the mountains to Dali, ancient capital of Yunan province on the junction of the Burma and Lhasa roads from Kunming, the modern capital. Like most journeys in China it started early in the morning at a bus station teeming with prospective travellers stocking up for the journey at stalls selling food, drink and, ominously, medicines.

Drivers in this part of China use their horns incessantly. Long-distance buses are fitted with a second, extra loud horn for use when overtaking, especially when careering round blind bends on the wrong side of the road. We arrived exhausted but exhilarated by the spectacular mountain scenery of the old Burma road.

The old walled city of Dali is set in a small plain surrounded by high, forested mountains. On the west, close to the town, stands a small group of T'ang dynasty (AD 618-907) pagodas, while to the east, across 2 miles of paddy fields, is a large lake well stocked with fish.

Only one hotel is open to foreign visitors, curiously named Dali Hotel Number Two. Although not equipped with running water in the rooms, the hotel has a wonderful wash room with giant woks of hot water on which float deep wooden ladles. As usual in China the water is heated by a coal fire, the main source of energy for domestic and industrial purposes. Here in Dali this is usually in the form of little cakes of coal dust bound with mud, similar to the Welsh pellum.

The plain is dotted with tiny villages and collective farms, linked by a network of footpaths and narrow causeways between the carefully maintained ditches and streams of an elaborate irrigation system. The people who farm the land and fish the lake are Bais and the women still wear their brightly coloured national costume, even when working in the fields. Market days call for particular attention to appearance and streams of people trek down from the mountains for







Top, a policeman makes the morning water run at a Yurt settlement in Mongolia. Above left, a musician practises traditional opera music in Green Lake Park, Kunming, and, right, a pig is shaded from the sun in Dali market.

the weekly markets dressed in bright blue and pink tunics and hats, some carrying babies on their backs in gorgeously embroidered pouches. The one-baby policy is not rigorously applied to national minorities and most of the people we asked had two children.

Apart from its importance as a market town, Dali is renowned for its white and grey marble. Stone is not a common building material in China,

where sun-dried mud bricks and timber are used for most traditional constructions. Rough marble is used for building houses locally and it is cut and polished for export.

Two Christian churches, one Roman Catholic, and a mosque, survive from the days of Dali's former importance as a crossroads market town and meeting point of cultures. Carved marble lions stand in pairs here and there where they once must have supported gates that stood across the street. The main gates at the north and south entrances through the city wall have been recently restored, the roadway passing in a tunnel through the massive classical structure. The low head-

room serves as a barrier to heavy traffic, keeping the town blissfully free of trucks and buses.

The grey stone of Dali is relieved by a deep brick-red paint thickly applied to all timber surfaces and carefully arranged groups of potted plants around doorways, in courtyards or on roofs. This love of colour is even taken to the paddy fields where a single hollyhock or some other brightly coloured flower can be seen growing among the newly planted rice.

In the fields approaching the lake the air is filled with the sound of frogs croaking and the farm workers' chatter and laughter. With such labour-intensive farming, work is a very sociable activity and conversations are often carried on at a shout over considerable distances. The experience of walking through collectively-owned farmland—the people's land—is very different from walking in our own privately-owned countryside: there is no question of trespass and the workers in the fields are always welcoming.

The fishing people were just as friendly as the farmers: arriving at the lakeside we were invited on board one of the larger boats. Living and working in the confined space of a boat, three-quarters of which is taken up by fishing gear, calls for economy of living and great tidiness.

Food in Dali is both good and cheap. One delicious local speciality is fried cheese—thin sheets of goat's cheese deep fried until crisp. There is a good Muslim restaurant, the cooking there free of the pork fat that is often such an unwelcome feature of food in China.

Dali has only recently been open to foreigners and the arduous bus ride still deters the casual tourist. An Alien's Travel Permit is needed to visit Dali, which can be obtained in 24 hours from any Public Security office. Modernization forges ahead however, and there is talk of building an airstrip and new hotel \bigcirc

Our Travel Editor writes

Getting there: The writer booked a low-cost return airfare on Aeroflot to Moscow with Progessive Tours who specialize in travel to the Communist countries. They also supplied vouchers for the outward rail journey. The normal return Advance Purchase Excursion (APEX) fare London to Moscow is £406; Club Class £696. The route is also served by British Airways. The rail journey Moscow to Beijing (Peking) takes seven days via the Trans-Siberian Railway and Ulan Bator (Mongolia). The normal return fare is £140 to £225 according to class. An alternative route is to fly from London to Beijing direct by British Airways or CAAC (Chinese Airlines). Current return fares: APEX £675; Super Club £1,256; first class £2,964. The return rail journey from Beijing to Kunming, including sleeper, costs between £135 and £190, according to class. In Dali the hotel accommodation cost about £3 a night. Three-star tourist hotels in China are around £20 to £25

Visa: Compulsory for all visitors. Application methods vary depending on the type of visa required. Details from all China National Tourist Offices.

Medical requirements: None compulsory except for yellow fever if you are coming from an endemic area. TAB, cholera, typhoid, polio and malarial precautions advisable.

Inclusive tours: As Dali has only recently been opened to foreign tourists there are as yet no tours from the UK. But Luxingshe, the state tourist organization, can arrange individual itineraries for the independent visitor. Further information from the China National Tourist Office.

Addresses: China National Tourist Office, 4 Glentworth Street, London NW1 (935 9427). Progressive Tours, 12 Porchester Place, London W2 2BS (262 1676).





Above, neat, fitted beige wool suit with padded shoulders and shawl collar, tight skirt with wrap front and kick pleat, £358, by Cerruti from a selection at The Beauchamp Place Shop, 35 & 55 Beauchamp Place, SW3. Cream satin blouse with padded shoulders, £147.50, by Paul Costelloe, at Harrods; Ireland House, 150 New Bond Street, W1; Chic of Hampstead. Photography by Christos Raftopoulos. Hair by Anna Wares at John Frieda, 75 New Cavendish Street, W1. Make up by Teresa Fairminer.

» are warm and rich with plum and fuchsia the favourites, and large checks predominating.

Besides the more obvious wear for office and interviews a suit can also become a less formal outfit useful for a more casual day. By careful matching or contrasting of fabrics, another item can be added to match the jacket: perhaps an extra skirt in a looser version, to allow more freedom of movement; or trousers to replace the skirt.

A suit can also lend itself to a more formal or evening occasion if cut high enough at the front, with the discreet help of a brooch—with no shirt at all and a string of pearls or a necklace.

Men's suit cloths—still popular for women—can be smart, sharp and perfect for city wear. The colours tend to be black, grey and navy, and in pinstripes, and Prince of Wales and houndstooth checks. Those who also have a country life to consider will be glad to find marvellous flecked tweeds and mohair plaids in autumn shades of brown, rust, beige and green. Remove the jacket, pull on a thick Aran sweater, and you are ready to stride out.

My mother used to advise me never to wear the jacket or the skirt of a suit separately. But the wearing quality of today's materials has so vastly improved that this can now be encouraged. Plan your wardrobe to include two totally different shaped skirts, a thin feminine sweater, a thick jumper, a softlooking silk shirt, a crisper cotton shirt and a change of trousers.

The secret is to think of a suit both as a complete outfit and as two pieces of separate clothing. The cost then seems to be halved and the use doubled.

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REVIEWS

CINEMA

A brilliant new star is born

BY GEORGE PERRY

In Kathleen Turner the American cinema has found itself a star. Her film career began with *Body Heat* four years ago, which was a complex thriller with a *Double Indemnity* theme, a Lawrence Kasdan evocation of the 1940s *film noir*, in which she played a dangerous vamp. Last year she appeared to good comic effect in a box-office success, *Romancing the Stone*, as a Manhattanite thrust into the jungle without even time to change her clothes, and demonstrated a genuine comic gift.

To enliven the British autumn we now have two Turner vehicles in succession, and in contrasting roles she makes us aware of her considerable screen presence, combining beauty and intelligence with unabashed sex appeal. There have not been many such actresses in the last two or three decades, and one really has to look back much further, to a Hollywood golden age, to find comparably exciting figures—the young Bacall, for instance, or Stanwyck and Davis in the 1930s.

In Ken Russell's Crimes of Passion she is an enigma, a strange, beautiful, withdrawn dress-designer by day, with little interest in men. At night she leads a clandestine existence as China Blue, the star hooker of the red light district, a fantasist of legendary erotic power. A man from the suburbs, played by John Laughlin, trapped by a dull marriage to his high-school sweetheart and a failing business, stumbles on the secret, and falls under the spell. She in turn recognizes in him a fulfilling wholesomeness previously denied her in her relationships, and a whirlwind passion erupts, with a bloody climax brought about by the intervention of an unbalanced preacher, played by Anthony Perkins.

Whether one likes or loathes Ken Russell's style of film-making, it is impossible to deny its power. The eroticism and violence in this film may well offend the squeamish, and they should be warned to stay away. But



Kathleen Turner co-stars with Jack Nicholson in John Huston's Prizzi's Honour, opening in the West End this month.

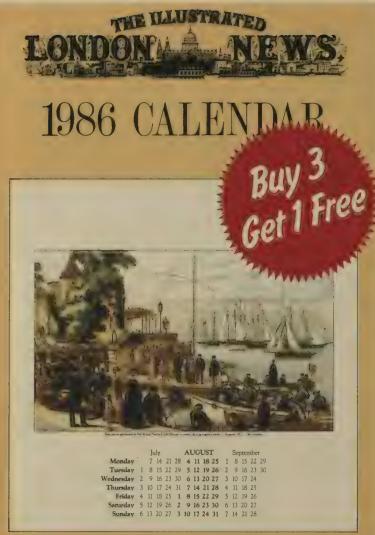
those who can take it will be rewarded with his most satisfactory work for some years, a dark satire on the sexual revolution of the 1960s and its current reassessment. The work of the screenwriter, Barry Sandler, who also co-produced, should be accorded full recognition—he and Russell have fused as an effective team. There is a satisfying unity to the film, with its prologue and epilogue in one of those aggressive American group-therapy sessions, supposedly to get rid of inhibitions, but in effect promoting conformity of attitudes.

Kathleen Turner's performance, almost as a female Jekyll and Hyde, is brilliant—she manages to convey the ambiguity and pain of the character, investing her acting with sufficient fine shading to make what might in other hands have seemed absurd

become believable.

John Huston's Prizzi's Honour (which follows Crimes of Passion into the Odeon Haymarket in mid-October) is a welcome black comedy, and a late return to form by a great director. The setting is that dark underworld exposed by Coppola in The Godfather, but here treated with an agreeable lightness of touch. Jack Nicholson is a faithful, respected Mafia enforcer, who spurns the Don's daughter, played by Angelica Huston, for Kathleen Turner as a beautiful, self-possessed young career woman (she tells him she is a tax consultant) outside the Family. He discovers later that she is in fact a hitwoman, a professional of his own calibre, and the motivating force behind a particularly audacious Las Vegas fraud, the perpetrators of which he has been engaged to uncover and punish. As they have a lot in common, they marry. Turner is then given a contract on Nicholson by a rival who is unaware of the relationship. Further complications ensue and Nicholson is eventually obliged to put his loyalty to the test, which he does with the right degree of all-American opportunism.

The inspiration behind this study of Mafia dealings, which could almost be a metaphor for corporate business methods in the States, is a novel by Richard Condon, who has also adapted it for the screen with Janet Roach. Nicholson and Turner are an excellent team, able to bring to their performances slight touches of eccentricity which hold the interest. The courtship, accompanied by wild coast-to-coast dashes by plane, is conducted in a series of tête-à-têtes in restaurants.



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> It is particularly gratifying that John Huston, now 78, has spectacularly refuted the view that old directors are best retired (which certainly prevailed when his last two films. Annie and Under the Volcano were unveiled). Lest it be thought that the film works solely on the strength of the excellence of its leading players, it should be said that the supporting cast is also effective, particularly John Randolph as Nicholson's father, Lee Richardson and Robert Loggia as the Prizzi sons, and William Hickey as the parchment-faced, rasp-voiced Don, cigarette always hanging from his lips, who looks at death's door.

THEATRE Musicals catch on in theatreland

BY J. C. TREWIN

It must be about two years since my neighbour at the theatre leapt to her feet as the players took their call. "Stand up! Stand up!" she ordered her companion. "It's genius!" By that time most of the house was on its feet, agreeing with her.

Standing ovations are so much part of the first-night routine of a musical that they might be written into the script. Generally they begin with two people, at the front of the stalls, behaving like windmills, and then spread row by row, downstairs and up, until anyone who fails to join in is left embarrassingly marooned. A stranger may get the idea that he has seen something historic; but, as often as not, when the piece, flavour-

of-the-month, has had its fair-tomedium run, it can be hard to remember much. Naturally, there are exceptions, such as *Evita* and *Cats*, that dig themselves deeply into the theatre list. (Yet even *Evita* has only another few months at the Prince Edward, a once dim Soho address that became fantastically publicized.)

I wonder whether Are You Lonesome Tonight?, at the Phoenix, will be among the stayers, or whether it is bound for the mist. Technically, it is not a full-dress musical, with a portentous catalogue of numbers, but I cannot call a detailed forth-and-back narrative about Elvis Presley in youth and middle age a straight playespecially when Simon Bowman, labelled as "young Presley", is there every now and then to ram home "the King's" numbers. Presley's older self (Martin Shaw), who sits through the night, a lost, gross figure on a lower level, remembering glumly (or so it appears) practically everything that had happened to him, sings, too, and it would be most odd if he did not. This is undeniably a musical.

The dramatist Alan Bleasdale has written the piece, so we gather, to "redress the balance", to give his impression of "the causes of the last painful and traumatic years" in Presley's life. Loyalty is a pleasant gift, but this curiously constructed and (to a newcomer) often incoherent piece may not strike everybody as a memorable testimonial, or valediction, to "a boy who dared to be different".

In spite of Mr Bowman rocking his heart out in front of a cluster of Cadillacs—symbol of wealth—and of Mr Shaw as the elder Presley, morose, telephonic, or in song, among his entourage, how many people five years on will be excited by this particular tale of "the most loved, famous, and finally grotesquely abused man of our times"? Yet my neighbours did the ex-



Martin Shaw as Elvis, Nancy Wood as Priscilla, in Are You Lonesome Tonight?

pected things, rushing stage-wards to applaud in frenzied fashion. Some performances are first-rate, especially that of Delia Lindsay in the small part of Presley's mother; and Robin Lefevre, the director, has achieved what possibly is the essential, though disheartening, flamboyance. Most visitors wait for the songs, which are pure Elvis, and what else matters?

People would have regarded this as an eccentric affair at the time when I was first taken to the theatre as a young schoolboy and saw Leslie Henson, with his crumpled face, hurled upon the stage from a presumed motoring disaster in the wings. One spoke then simply of "musical comedy". In particular, it was an era of specialized clowning; you had such people as W. H. Berry, of the Adelphi, renowned for his cargo of "props" and his ability to pad out an improbable script. What used to be the "lighter lyric stage"comedians, sentimental anecdotes, dozens of chorus girls-had not begun to sprawl selfishly across the West End list.

As I write, nearly half the theatres are open with one form or another of musical. We go from the classic *Guys and Dolls* (Prince of Wales), where the Broadway libretto, inspired by Damon Runyon, counts almost as much as Loewe's score, to the miniature *Figaro* (six characters; period, 1960s) at the Ambassadors: this—and how the composer would have responded we can only surmise—was a Mozart opera as a musical comedy.

So much lies in between. 42nd Street charts Drury Lane for what, in retrospect, is a sustained and highly professional tap-dance; Cats (New London) derives, at a hazy distance, from T. S. Eliot: and Starlight Express (Apollo Victoria) sends its rollerskating "trains" across Lloyd Webberland. Barnum (Victoria Palace) is, appropriately, show-business about show-business; Me and My Girl (Adelphi) rises from the 1930s when the Cockney Lupino Lane tilted his bowler; the Rodgers-and-Hart On Your Toes (Palace) is a dancing musical as it was half a century ago: and Mutiny! (Piccadilly) is a pictorial business, depending on a replica of Captain Bligh's Bounty as it lurches towards the South Seas.

Musicals are notoriously expensive, but they represent a gamble to satisfy that panting demand-too seldom satisfied—for a catchy tune. A follow-my-leader belief in the medium is not confined to the West End. The subsidized theatres join in. The National revived Guys and Dolls and tried a new piece, Jean Seberg, which managed occasionally to be touching but got the thumbsdown. In Poppy the RSC dived into the Anglo-Chinese mid-19th century opium war, with pantomime trimmings; and this month, at the Barbican, we can expect a full-scale Les Misérables, after Victor Hugo.

Other musicals, other standing



Claire Powell as the seductive Maddalena and David Rendall as the philandering "Duke" in Rigoletto at the Coliseum.

ovations, are on the way. After receiving a visit from a celebrated 1932 American left-wing operetta, *The Cradle Will Rock*, where the score dominated, the Old Vic will next year revive the wildly different *Bless the Bride* (Vivian Ellis and A. P. Herbert) in a 1940s mode rarely met now.

There is no need to suppose that the trend will stop. When, indeed, has it since *The Geisha* and *Florodora* of the 1890s? "Give me excess of it," says Orsino in another context, "that, surfeiting, the appetite may sicken, and so die." No sign of surfeit at present. "It's genius!" exclaims my neighbour, tripping over my feet as she rushes for the aisle: the fan clubs need not be lonesome tonight.

OPERA

Resounding return of Rigoletto

BY MARGARET DAVIES

To launch his new régime as managing director of English National Opera Peter Jonas has chosen one of the most glittering jewels of his inheritance from Lord Harewood—Jonathan Miller's production of *Rigoletto*. It is certainly one of the company's biggest hits and, more important, it symbolizes the wide range of production styles which were explored during the 13 Harewood years.

At different stages of its history opera has been dominated success-

ively by the composer, the singer, the conductor; now it is the turn of the producer, and recent years have seen a growing awareness of the significance of his role. There have been outrageous examples of "producer's opera" but these are far outnumbered by genuine attempts—ranging from honest failures to resounding triumphs—to view well loved works from a fresh angle and throw some light on neglected ones which might or might not prove to be worth the trouble.

English National Opera has been in the vanguard and has been justly rewarded for its boldness, most spectacularly by the success of Jonathan Miller's updated Rigoletto, set in Little Italy, the part of New York under the control of the Mafia, in the 1950s. The "Duke" becomes a Mafia boss, with a mob of attendant henchmen; Rigoletto is a barman at the hotel they frequent and he lives in a dingy tenement across the street from Ceprano's liquor store; Sparafucile's lair is a common riverside bar with the inevitable juke-box. Purists may quarrel with the concept but Verdi himself was familiar with the practice of changing names and locations in his operas—censorship was a force to be reckoned with in his day, and Victor Hugo's play Le Roi s'amuse from which Piave drew the original libretto had fallen foul of the French censor after one performance so that Verdi deemed it politic to switch the action from the court of François I to that of the relatively obscure Duke of Mantua. (Later productions in Italy led to other changes of setting.) The mafioso "Duke" has the same kind of absolute power in his own circle as a Renaissance nobleman, and has his own hit man to deal with enemies. Assassins are available on hire to settle scores in both worlds.

Revived with a different cast, the

production now on view at the Coliseum has changed in emphasis. David Rendall, back in London after a long absence abroad, sings with impressive confidence and security in the role of the "Duke" whom he portrays as a gum-chewing, calculating seducer, constantly combing his slicked-down hair, and who declares his love for Gilda with hands slouched in the pockets of his bomber jacket. The insolent conceit is echoed musically in the aggressive power of his splendidly projected and generously held top notes. But it is hard to believe that one so charmless could be a successful womanizer, and there are moments when the music calls for more honeyed tones than he at present dispenses.

The new Rigoletto, Neil Howlett, on the other hand, is rather lacking in venom, especially in the baiting of Ceprano, and his acting throughout the first scene is still unfocused. He more convincingly expresses the man's devotion and concern for his daughter than the venal side of Rigoletto's character. The vocal colour is perfectly apt in the scenes with Gilda and the final aria is movingly sung but "Si, vendetta" calls for more anger and passion than he summoned on the first night.

After a slightly nervous start, Joan Rodgers's vulnerable Gilda blossomed into a touching, rounded portrayal. Her beautifully phrased, musical singing has a compelling intensity which conveys the conflicting emotions that overwhelm her.

Sparafucile (Richard Van Allan) and Maddalena (Claire Powell) are strongly cast and the singing of the male chorus is superbly well nourished. Their keen involvement in the drama is one of the strengths of this production. In the pit the conductor, Noel Davies, maintains a good balance between vocal audibility and explosive climaxes.

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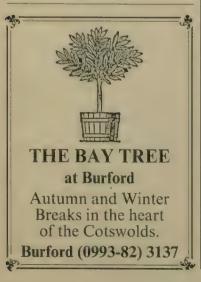
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Europe's unnecessary war

BY ROBERT BLAKE

Why the Crimean War? A Cautionary Tale by Norman Rich

University Press of New England, £19.20

The Crimean War has attracted the attention of posterity more for the inept way in which it was fought than for the reasons that it was ever fought at all. This admirably clear, concise, revisionary account by a distinguished American historian of diplomacy is an attempt to answer that question and to point a moral for the present time. Professor Rich demonstrates two matters beyond doubt. First, the war was quite unnecessary as far as ostensible issues were concerned. The question of the Holy Places could have beenindeed almost had been-settled before hostilities began. This is not in itself an original discovery, for many historians would agree that war could easily have been averted.

Professor Rich's second point is more important. It is a delusion to suppose, as many do, that the war was the result of drift, bungling, incompetence or sheer accident. On the contrary, there are few examples of hostilities preceded by so lengthy a period of diplomatic negotiation "allowing time for passions to cool", and "rarely have so many sincere and vigorous efforts been made by responsible leaders of great powers to arrange a compromise settlement". Why did they fail? The fundamental reason, to quote Professor Rich again, was that "there were statesmen in Europe who did not want them to succeed, who were dedicated to the break up of the existing international order or who were not content merely to halt Russian expansion but wanted to eliminate the Russian threat permanently".

The two objectives were not the same. What they had in common was that they could not be achieved by negotiation. The man who wanted to destroy the Concert of Europe was Napoleon III, the most disastrous ruler in French history. The Concert, an essentially conservative grouping of powers including as its linchpin, Russia, along with France, Austria and Prussia, aimed at the suppression of revolution and the settlement of international disputes by conference. Although it did not prevent all revolutions or all wars, it preserved the peace by and large for nearly 40 years after Waterloo. But the tacit understanding to abide by the 1815 settlement, which kept both France and Russia in check, broke down with the advent of a populist Emperor who wished to be arbiter of "Europe and patron of the nationalist movements which his uncle had failed to enlist. When in 1850 Louis-Napoleon asserted in Constantinople the French claim to protect the Holy Places in the Ottoman Empire, the gesture was intended to provoke Russia. He may not have wanted war, but he certainly wanted to humiliate the Tsar.

The second objective—the elimination of the Russian threat-did not in itself presuppose the destruction of the Concert of Europe. Its leading supporters were two British statesmen backed by popular Russophobia----Palmerston, who though no longer Foreign Secretary still wielded immense influence in the Cabinet, and Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, Ambassador to the Porte and a rabid anti-Russian. They believed that the Concert of Europe was threatened by Russian expansionism and Palmerston had the most extreme war aims: the severance from Russia of Poland, Finland, Georgia. Bessarabia, the Crimea and Circassia. How he imagined this could ever be achieved defies understanding. The Prime Minister, Lord Aberdeen, commented drily that it would mean a repeat of the Thirty Years' War. Naturally, the Turks, who had lost every campaign with Russia in the last two centuries, were all for eliminating the threat, and the backing of France and Britain made them believe it possible.

The crucial question is whether the Russians really had expansionist plans against Turkey at this time: if they had and if the preservation of the Ottoman Empire was a prime requirement of British policy, then the attitude of Palmerston and Stratford could be justified up to a point and perhaps that of Louis-Napoleon, too. All the evidence, however, suggests, as Professor Rich shows, that the Tsar and his Foreign Minister, Nesselrode, had no such plans and were just as anxious to preserve Turkey as Palmerston was. Turkey was a weak power which, by its very existence, served as a buffer protecting the whole of Russia's vast southwestern border. In fact there was no threat and the British and French governments, by encouraging the Turks to refuse a reasonable settlement already accepted by the Tsar, precipitated an unnecessary war. Palmerston's wider aims were unattainable anyway, and Russia could have been contained by diplomacy as she had been since 1815 and was to be again by Disraeli and Bismarck in the Eastern Crisis of 1878. France achieved the destruction of the Concert of Europe but got no good out of

it. Four European wars occurred between 1859 and 1871. The last dethroned the Emperor and destroyed French ascendancy for ever.

What is the moral of this cautionary tale? The author would say: avoid confrontation, never think in terms of moral or political absolutes, recognize that Russia is there, will not go away or disgorge its conquests. Face the fact that peace depends on diplomacy on what Castlereagh called grouping": maintaining a perpetual dialogue with other powers, never treating any as total outcasts, and facing the fact that one must deal politely with countries whose political mores are odious and detestable. This is better than war which in 1854 meant merely limited misery. but now means the destruction of the world. What a very sensible book

RECENT FICTION

Mistresses of the eerie and bizarre

BY SALLY EMERSON

The Good Apprentice by Iris Murdoch Chatto & Windus, £9.95 Mermaids on the Golf Course by Patricia Highsmith Heinemann, £8.95

After the simple grace of so many of the respected novelists of today, such as Anita Brookner, it is something of a shock to wander once more through the Gothic towers of Iris Murdoch's imagination where everything leads to something else and nothing is quite what it seems.

In the superb opening pages of her new novel *The Good Apprentice* Edward Baltram causes the death of his best friend Mark by tricking him into taking an hallucinogenic drug. He leaves him asleep and when he returns Mark has jumped from a window to his death. The repercussions of this act echo through the novel. Edward is racked with guilt: "One momentary act of folly and treachery had destroyed all his *time*. He had no time now, only the dead task of passing the hours... This was hell, where there was no time."

Edward's stepbrother Stuart, meanwhile, distresses his father by



Training by Charles Towne (1763–1849), one of the fine colour reproductions from *The Dictionary of British Equestrian Artists* by Sally Mitchell, published by The Antique Collectors' Club, £35.

his religious mania: "My God, thought Harry, both my sons have lost their senses at the same time, and just when they were doing so well, they seem to want to destroy themselves, Edward with this depression and Stuart with his religious mania. They're both in love with death."

Edward seeks redemption by trying to find his real father, the painter Jesse Baltram (all the family relationships are enormously complicated, and I will not try to explain them). He lives for a while with his halfsisters who keep telling him that Jesse will be coming back to see him soon. His life with the sisters and "Mother May" in the Fens has the eerie, magical quality that casts a spell over Edward and the reader like a stifling spider's web. The women at first appear to live a simple, good life, eating only vegetarian food they grow themselves, drinking homemade wine from berries, dressing in homespun cloth. After a while, however, a sense of evil creeps in and before long we start to believe that the wholesome wine is drugged and that Edward's discovery of Jesse sick in bed in a secret room is further evidence that the women are keeping prisoner not only Edward, by their drugs and magical devices, but also

Jesse Baltram is the powerful, enigmatic figure at the centre of the novel, without which it would fall apart. Interest in him keeps the reader going through the many long philosophical discussions and the intricate examination of character. Bisexual, passionate, a wild sage of a man now reduced to illness and strange dreams interspersed with moments of clarity, Jesse Baltram at one point walks on water, to his son's amazement.

While Edward seeks redemption, his brother searches for some kind of understanding of what it is to be

good and his stepfather Harry has an affair with his dead wife's sister.

The problem with a novel of this length and complexity is that the characters need to be more sharply drawn to be memorable, simply because there is at any moment so much to remember, from who is having an affair with whom to about what age someone is. Dickens manages this problem by giving some characters catch-phrases or stylized physical characteristics. Iris Murdoch is much more cerebral, and it is easy to lose one's way in the long, clever conversations, which at times blur into each other rather like the memory, the morning after, of a brilliant wine-induced conversation.

It is the central images and the atmosphere that remain in the memory after this book is finished: the image of the strange house, the mystery over whether the women are prison guards or kindly protectors, the terrible guilt that Edward suffers. Iris Murdoch is, like John Fowles, a master of the eerie and the two-faced. She is also one of the most perceptive writers around. (But her editors should have the courage to ask her to cut a little, here and there, to increase the clarity of her novels.)

Patricia Highsmith's latest collection of short stories, Mermaids on the Golf Course, shows her at her bizarre best, entering as usual into most unhealthy states of mind. I sometimes think such writers should be banned, simply because brilliantly and hypnotically they make the vile ordinary and acceptable. For instance, the father of a child with Down's syndrome is one night so angry with what he has to put up with that, to balance the life that he feels has been taken away from him, he kills a perfectly innocent passer-by. The reader's sympathies are with him, however, not the passer-by. Whenever the father begins to feel upset about his son, he fingers the button torn from the dead victim and is at once considerably better: "He had killed a man in revenge for Bertie. He had superiority, in a sense, one-upmanship. He must never forget that. He could face the years ahead with that." I am not really suggesting that the stories of Patricia Highsmith be banned, as they are among my favourite reading. But I do think, like most good writing, they have the potential to affect their readers.

Other new books

Bridges over the Thames by Ruth and Jonathan Mindell Blandford Press, £12.95

How many bridges are there over the Thames? The introduction to this book suggests that there are more than 100 between Lechlade and Tower Bridge, but only 84 are listed in the text and marked on the accompanying maps. It was a good idea to set about describing all the crossings of London's river, but sad that it has not been better done. Not only is the reader left to puzzle over the missing bridges, but the descriptions are often sketchy. It is hardly adequate, for example, simply to say that the bascules of Tower Bridge were raised "by an amazing feat of Victorian engineering" without suggesting how this amazing feat was accomplished. And though some of the colour photographs are acceptable, most of the black and white, which form the majority of the book's illustrations, suggest that fog remains a permanent and impenetrable feature of the riverside.

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This month's best sellers

HARDBACK FICTION

- 1 **Confessional** by Jack Higgins Collins, £9.50 Exciting plot about an assassination attempt on the Pope while he is in Britain.
- 2 **The Burning Shore** by Wilbur Smith Heinemann £9.95 Master best seller does it again: this time with the story of a love affair in France in 1918.
- 3 Inside, Outside by Herman Wouk Collins, £11.50
 The latest shot at the Great American Novel about the wave of Jewish immigrants from Russia at the turn of the century; and much, much more.
- 4 The House of the Spirits by Isabel Allende Jonathan Cape, £8.95 Multi-coloured giant of a South American novel with searing and fascinating detail.
- 5 A Creed for the Third Millenium by Colleen McCullough Macdonald, £9.95 A gallimaufry if ever there was one.
- 6 **The Cider House Rules** by John Irving Jonathan Cape, £8.95

- Wonderfully intelligent, elliptical novel by the author of *Hotel New Hampshire*.
- 7 **Moon** by James Herbert New English Library, £9.95 A *frisson* of fearful horrors, certain to disturb your sleep.
- 8 **Jian** by Eric Van Lustbader Granada, £9.95 A blockbuster set in China.
- 9 Skeleton Crew by Stephen King Macdonald, £9.95700 pages of horror.
- 10 **Juggernaut** by Desmond Bagley Collins, £9.50 A posthumous novel set in West Africa; and a very good one, too.

HARDBACK NON FICTION

- 1 One is Fun! by Delia Smith Hodder & Stoughton, £7.95 One at table rarely is, but this clever broadcaster/writer makes the occasions a little more enjoyable.
- 2 The ITN Book of the Queen Mother by Alastair Burnet Michael O'Mara/Macmillan, £5.95 A lovely record of a great lady by an experienced journalist.
- 3 Oxford Companion to English
 Literature, editor Margaret Drabble
 Oxford University Press, £15.00
 Surely the best book value of the year.

- 4 Wainwright on The Pennine Way by Alfred Wainwright Michael Joseph, £12.95 Beautifully produced book that also has practical use.
- 5 **Burton:** The Man Behind the Myth by Penny Junor Sidgwick & Jackson, £9.95 The book behind the book behind . . . the
- 6 **Cecil Beaton** by Hugo Vickers Weidenfeld & Nicolson, £12.95 Splendid biography of a great photographer and poseur.
- 7 Slow Boats Home by Gavin Young Hutchinson, £12.95 A really beguiling travel book.
- 8 The Risk Takers by Jeffrey Robinson Allen & Unwin, £10.95
 How a hundred of Britain's entrepreneurs made it to the top of the millionaire pole.
- 9 An Egyptian Journal by William Golding Faber, £12.95 Why the Nobel Prize novelist hated his trip to Egypt.
- 10 1985 Michelin: France
 Michelin, £6.40
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 justified adjective.
 Information from National Book League.
 Comments by Martyn Goff.

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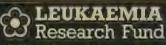
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Greatest of the sweet

BY MICHAEL BROADBENT

This year the Lur Saluces family celebrate the 200th anniversary of their ownership of Château d'Yquem. Even in the 18th century it was known to produce the finest white wine in France—and therefore in the world; the wine was accorded the unique distinction of *premier grand cru* status in the famous 1855 classification and still, in the firm and capable hands of the present Comte de Lur Saluces, retains its thoroughly deserved reputation as the greatest, of France's sweet white wines.

Thomas Jefferson, who in 1784 replaced the aging Benjamin Franklin as the American minister plenipotentiary to France, had an inquiring mind and exemplary taste. He soon homed in on the best growths, particularly favouring Bordeaux. In his letters, only a year or so after settling in Paris, he was ordering "Haut Briers" (Haut-Brion) and in 1787 "took the liberty of writing directly" (in French) to Mr Diquem, having 'need for some small provisions" of that district and wishing "to receive it directly to be sure that it is genuine, good and sound". He went on to request 250 bottles of Mr Diquem's "Sauterne, first quality of the year 1784". Twenty days later the Comte de Lur Saluces wrote from the château "As Mr d'Yquem's sonin-law, Sir, and the owner of all his assets, I have the honour to reply" and Jefferson got his wine.

What is Yquem, and what has it got that the other sweet wines of France have not? First and foremost, a superlative vineyard site, the long rows of vines spread across the suncatching slopes of a hill overlooking the broad Garonne valley, an hour's fast drive south-east of Bordeaux. The vines benefit from a soft, gentle climate and morning mists which rise from the valley, encouraging the strange and unappetizing-looking mould, Botrytis cinerea, to form over the grape skins, with the late autumn sun drying off the surplus moisture and increasing the sugar content. The mould itself reduces the water content of the grape and a two-pronged attack concentrates its flesh. At vintage time the mould is peeled off to reveal around the pip a greeny-yellow, jelly-like nectar. This is the basis of Yquem-indeed of all true sauternes; the difference at Yquem being that a large team of pickers will scour the lines of vines over and over again, picking only those bunches, or even just individual grapes, which have achieved the correct degree of over-ripeness and "noble rot"

Even the fermentation is special.

The sugar starts to convert into alcohol in the normal way, but when it reaches a certain strength, about 14°, the fermentation stops because this level of alcohol inhibits the yeasts and the wine is left with a substantial amount of residual sugar. The wine is matured in new oak barrels, bottled, and is ready for consumption after about five years.

There are some snags: it is an extremely risky business for not every late autumn has the correct balance of beneficial sun and moisture. Possibly an average of three vintages a decade are really satisfactory, perhaps two a decade perfect, two a washout, the rest mediocre. The wine is extremely costly to produce and, therefore, costly to buy.

Yquem is unquestionably the top. No other sauternes, in comparable vintages, has that extra dimension of richness and flavour. But there are other excellent châteaux, among which I personally rate most highly Suduiraut (a great 76 and a string of marvellous vintages in the 1950s and 1960s) and Climens. Also good are Rieussec, in which the Rothschilds of Lafite have recently purchased a major stake—good for the wine and good for sauternes as a whole—and, in no particular order, La Tour Blanche, Guiraud (also under relatively new ownership), Rayne-Vigneau, Lafaurie-Peyraguey (making a lightish wine latterly—I prefer the old vintages); and Coutet, (like Climens, from the adjoining commune of Barsac, but lighter). In the second rank are Filhot, Doisy-Védrines, d'Arche (an oddball 1936 bought recently at one of my own sales is drinking marvellously), Broustet, Nairac (arisen, phoenix-like, over the past 14 years).

But what about vintages? The best of the most recent years is 1983. I recommend you buy some, as I have done, because the top châteaux now appreciate in value just as the classed growth reds from the Médoc. Incidentally, it is quite wrong to assume that a good vintage for red bordeaux will also be good for sauternes, or vice versa, for the weather can change dramatically between the earlier-picked reds (between mid September to late October depending on the year), and the late-picked whites (from mid October to the end of November). So 1982, great for red, was so-so for sauternes. 1981 and 1980 were quite good, 1979 and 1978 on a par with 1982, 1977 poor. 1976 and 1975 were both very good indeed. 1971 and 1970 both exemplary, the 71 being finer, and both drinking well now. 1967 has turned out to be one of the best post-war years, and Yquem, in the words of Alexandre de Lur Saluces, "one of the greatest ever". It is fully mature now but will last—a century or more. Older vintages of note are 1966, 1962, 1961, 1959 (very great), 1955 (magnificent), 1953, 1952, 1950 (far better for white bordeaux than red), 1949, 1947 and 1945—three great classic post-war years. 1937 is still magnificent, 1929 and 1928 are both sublime, and so on way back. With age the wines dry out and change, but can become even greater, darkening to deep amber, concentrating the bouquet and flavour.

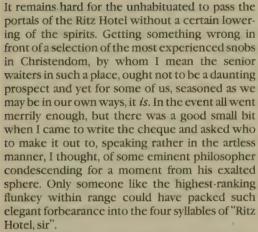
What is so marvellous about fine sauternes is that it keeps almost for ever. For some reason, probably the glycerine content (not antifreeze)—its "extract", sugar and syrupy thickness—preserves the corks better than any other wine. The oldest I have drunk is the 1867, and most vintages back to that date, such is the great fortune of my job; but this month I shall be tasting, in Wiesbaden, with a great German amateur of wine, Hardy Rodenstock, Yquem 1784—believe it or not, from Thomas Jefferson's cellar.



Chateau d'Yquem, perfect conditions for producing great sweet white wine.

Raising a glass to the Ritz

BY KINGSLEY AMIS



Actually the service was helpful, friendly, not too quick. Nor is it any secret that the Ritz restaurant is nice-looking, the outlook attractive, the space between the tables generous. So it was no bother sitting there, but a bigger factor was of course that you could count on the whole crowd being rich or in some other way not spending their own money, and nobody had to get back to their office or their baby-sitter or their anything else, and jolly relaxed they were. Further, very important, the spacing saw to it that they were all out of earshot apart from the general roar, not that for rich people they seemed particularly noisy.

Part of the fun of penetrating such purlieus ought to be that of identifying or at least making a decent guess at the other eaters, and here the outof-earshot touch was an obstacle. I also lack the skill some writers have, or go on as if they have, of determining on sight the occupation, status, etc, of total strangers. Perhaps such fellows really can check out "an Armenian fixer" or "a fading demimondaine" at 50 paces; I cannot. So if, among the ambient rich I saw, there were rich Middlesbrough launderette-proprietors, or rich cranedrivers from Hoboken, NJ, which I am fully prepared to believe, all I can say is they could sport a jacket and tie with the best of them. The sight of a powder-compact and lipstick being wielded brought a breath of the past, but could quite well, I suppose, have belonged to a rich dating-agency manageress.

However, Americans and the Americanized unsurprisingly predominated. Their tastes and interests were noticeable in menu and food, some discussion of which can no longer be deferred, for all the importance of setting and style especially in an expensive restaurant. The tendency whereby the words for what is to be eaten take precedence over what is actually served up has been in the American tradition long enough to acquire some dignity. So most of the dishes here were long on description, which would not have mattered if the detail that looks and sounds good in the prose had not seemingly distracted attention in the preparation of the dish. "Grilled breast of duckling with crystallized mandarins set in a delicate armagnac sauce" at £13.75 is a mild example—the mandarins were not conspicuous, the sauce was nice, though rich rather than delicate, but the duckling was sadly more like generic edible meat tissue than any version of duckling.

It is notoriously much better sport to make a



tasty or "exciting" or (especially) sonorously describable sauce than to buy, store, prepare and cook what ends up as a tasty, tender bit of meat. But it would be unfair to press the implications of that. When the mellow yoghurt and the walnutflavoured hollandaise were laid aside and roasting a joint of beef was as much as was called for, the occasion was triumphantly and deliciously risen to. And yet, even so, just sticking to simplicities in rule-of-thumb fashion was not dependable, and woolly turbot, boring underdone liver and bacon, and dry lifeless vegetables were all on offer. American influence came into its own, however, with all the sweet, wonderful, obesity-conferring things at the end, and the coffee was excellent.

I find it pleasant to be able to aver that in all matters touching liquid refreshment the Ritz acquitted itself with much distinction. For instance, if you feel it may still not be a little late in the day, a bottle of Château Lafite 1961 is yours for £450. But seriously, the low-to-middle-range clarets, which were all it was feasible to explore, were good value: well chosen, well kept and perfectly served. And it almost goes without saying that the vintage port was a credit to all concerned, though

not perhaps that the waiter deduced my need for port not from any words of mine but from—well, call it the cut of my jib.

To me the cocktail bar or lounge or place provided the jewel in the crown. My party took four drinks in all. The champagne cocktail (not my choice) was as near worthwhile as I have ever found this (to me) unappealing mixture. The Bellini—champagne and peach-juice—was as delicious as ever with lots of very fresh juice but no cloying. The Dry Martini was not only expertly prepared but also, for once in a way, proportioned very dry as asked for. The Old-Fashioned—bourbon whiskey, bitters, sugar, orange—was everything it should have been, large, strong, cold, full of flavour, without intrusive vegetation: the work of a master.

Putting down these marvellous and not ridiculously expensive drinks in those quiet, uncrowded, pretty surroundings was by consensus the best part of the operation, and it is there I intend to return for a special occasion.

The Ritz Restaurant, Piccadilly, W1 (493 8181). Daily 12.30-2pm, 6.30-11pm.

GOOD EATING

More hotel dining-rooms to consider:

The Capital Hotel 22 Basil Street, SW3 (589 5171).

One of London's smallest—and best—hotel dining-rooms. The restaurant's street frontage was once sandbagged during an IRA bombing campaign and the interior décor remains controversial. The Nina Campbell design, with elegant and fussy detail, was unveiled 18 months ago. She replaced the previous 1960s clean-cut look with handengraved mirrors and doors, floral

chandeliers, Limoges china and tapestry dining-chairs.

The attraction of the French menu, however, is indisputable. Brian Turner,

motifs, painted wall panels, star lights,

the English chef, now deservedly holds a Michelin rosette. A set lunch of £16.50 or a set dinner at £18.50 are the most economical way of sampling his coisine

The list of more than 300 wines, predominantly French, is assembled by the Capital Hotel's proprietor, David Levin. Daily 12.30-2pm, 6.30-10.15pm (Sun from 7pm).

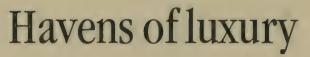
Le Soufflé

Hotel Inter-Continental, Hamilton Place, Hyde Park Corner, W1 (409 3131).

There has been considerable renovation since my last visit, with Art Decostyle wallpaper replacing the brash red felt and a new entrance closer to the main lobby. As at the Capital Hotel the German chef, Peter Kromberg, has a deserved Michelin star for classic French cuisine.

The manager, Josef Lanser, promotes the £28 six-course special menu of the day, but the kitchen also rises to an individually chosen three courses from the à la carte menu at about the same price. Roast stuffed quail as an hors d'oeuvre and the fillet of beef with shallots and bone marrow were the most notable dishes served at my table—both enhanced by splendid reduced sauces. Specialities include savoury and sweet soufflés.

An extensive and expensive wine list includes a choice of 25 champagnes and a splendid range of 1961, 1966, 1970 and 1975 clarets priced from £30 to £320. Mon-Fri 12.30-3pm, Sun for brunch noon-4pm, daily 7-11.30pm.



BY HILARY RUBINSTEIN

Luxurious country-house hotels are also inevitably the most expensive. This selection is for those who can afford to be relaxed about the cost.

Le Manoir aux Quat' Saisons, opened in 1984 by Raymond and Jenny Blanc in a Tudor manor house at Great Milton, is 10 miles southeast of Oxford, just off the M40. Its bedrooms-beautiful, spacious and with lovely views over the countryside—are full of the extras which are de rigueur in pampering establishments of this kind, such as large bowls of fruit and carafes of sherry. Some of the bathrooms are fitted with jacuzzis. With two sitting rooms and a reception lounge there is plenty of sitting space indoors; outdoors are its 27 acre gardens and parklands, tennis court, heated swimming pool and water garden.

Raymond Blanc has won two Michelin rosettes for his hotel's restaurant and his cooking is innovative and outstanding. When it is closed on Sunday evenings, Mondays and Tuesday lunchtimes, a restaurant he owns in Oxford called Le Petit Blanc provides a more moderately priced alternative.

Ston Easton Park, an immaculately restored Palladian villa 6 miles northeast of Wells, was once the home of Sir William Rees-Mogg and is now owned by Peter and Christine Smedley who opened it as a hotel in 1982—refurbished with loving care, and filled with antiques and paintings. The River Somer runs through the 26 acres of parkland in a series of cascades, and the gardens, designed in 1792 by Humphrey Repton, are being replanted by the Smedleys to his original design. Outdoor pursuits here include croquet, bowls, archery and riding. The hotel has grand reception rooms, a billiard room and in the basement a servants' hall where visiting chauffeurs may eat. Bedrooms have names, not numbers: bathrooms have luxurious fat towels. Fine food is served in the two restaurants by friendly local girls.

Gravetye Manor, a handsome Elizabethan manor house that was the home for more than half a century of William Robinson, one of the creators of the English natural garden, is 5 miles from East Grinstead and 12 miles from Gatwick. Surrounded by West Sussex forest, it has 30 acres of gardens. The house is furnished with antiques, lovely carpets and fine pictures; there are log fires and lots of fresh flowers around. The oakpanelled restaurant, which offers both French cuisine and traditional English dishes, has as chef de cuisine Allan Garth, who has won the hotel a Michelin rosette. Bread, croissants, sorbets and breakfast conserves are all home-made. The hotel does not accept credit cards.

It is still very early days for Ettington Park near Stratford-upon-Avon, which was opened in April after a £2 million facelift. A spectacular example of the Victorian Gothic, its rooms are all outsize, and many of the baths are majestic. The restaurant's head chef is Michael Quinn MBE, formerly of the Ritz and before that of Gravetye.

Le Manoir aux Quat' Saisons, Great Milton, Oxfordshire (084 46 8881). Double rooms with Continental breakfast £95-£180. À la carte meals about £40 per person.

Ston Easton Park, Ston Easton, near Bath, Somerset (076 121 631). Double rooms with breakfast £75-£140 (suite). *Table d'hôte* lunch £13.50; *à la carte* dinner about £23 excluding wine and service.

Gravetye Manor, East Grinstead, West Sussex (0342 810567). Single rooms from £45, double rooms £58-£82. Continental breakfast £3.50, English à la carte breakfast £6-£7; à la carte lunch or dinner about £30. Ettington Park, Alderminster, near Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwickshire (0789 740740). Single occupancy of a double room with Continental breakfast from £55, double from £85. Table d'hôte lunch £12.50, dinner £21.50; à la carte meals from £25.

The above tariffs include VAT, except for Gravetye Manor, and service, except where stated otherwise. The à la carte price is an estimate for the cost per person of a three-course meal with half a bottle of reasonably priced wine (unless otherwise stated).

That anachronistic service charge

We should be shocked if a shopkeeper tried to charge us extra for service when we bought a new kettle or a pair of socks. But we accept without demur the service charge that many hotels, as well as restaurants, add to the bill. Usually it is stated baldly: "exclusive of service charge at 12½ per cent". Most of us are under the impression that the whole of the surcharge goes to the staff. We are wrong: there is no legal obligation on the part of the management to give any of that tronc away, and a Private Member's Bill to change the law failed to get a second reading. Sometimes the money does go in its entirety to the staff; sometimes the owner decides to take a cut; sometimes the owner pockets the lot. Can you avoid paying if you have had shoddy service? No, not if the imposition of a service charge is clearly stated on the tariff card or menu; it can then be said to be part of the terms of a contract. Only if the service charge is said to be "optional" can you make a scene and demand that your bill be reduced.



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Short's progress

by John Nunn

The tournaments at Amsterdam and Biel were mentioned in last month's ILN, but because of the hectic events surrounding the end of the Biel Interzonal I have only now found time to write an account. Biel represented the last chance for a British player to reach the Candidates' stage of the world championship cycle, since our representatives in the other two Interzonals had failed to qualify. Although the reorganization of the world championship cycle slightly devalued the prestige of the Candidates' (by increasing the number of players from eight to 16) Nigel Short is the first British player ever to reach this stage.

After nine rounds he had only 50 per cent, so he needed a spectacular finish if he was to gain one of the coveted top four places from a field of 18. Although he made up a great deal of ground in the second half, his chances when the last round started appeared slim. Not only did he have to defeat the Dutch grand master van der Wiel, but in a second game, over which he had no control, Sax had to

On the day the last round took place I was in Amsterdam waiting to play my own final game in another tournament. A group gathered expectantly round the telex machine waiting for the news from Switzerland. The tension as the list of results came through was augmented by the fact that van der Wiel himself was contending for the last qualifying place. First of all Short 1 van der Wiel 0 appeared on the print-out and then, after a tantalizing pause, Sax 1 Torre 0. The remote possibility had become reality. Then we saw the moves of the games. The 20-year-old British player had withstood the test of nerves and demolished his opponent with a devastating kingside

The final scores at Biel were: Vaganian (USSR) 12½ (from 17), Seirawan (USA) 11½, Sokolov (USSR) 11, Short (GB), van der Wiel (Holland) and Torre (Philippines) 101.

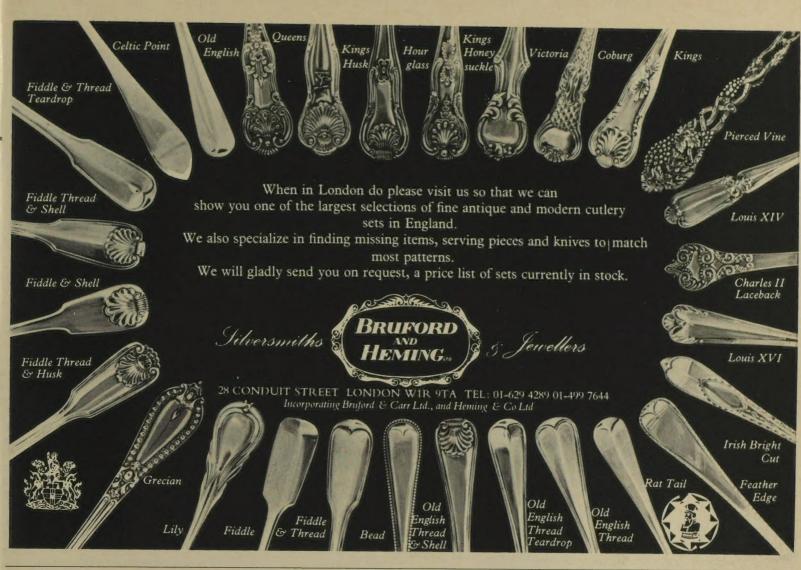
According to the rules of the competition, the three players tving for fourth place had to stay in Biel for an immediate play-off in which each would meet the other two players three times. That evening I received a telephone call from the British Chess Federation (BCF). Murray Chandler had been Nigel Short's second throughout the Interzonal but he had an inescapable commitment to play in the imminent British Championship. The BCF asked me to go to Biel, and as soon as I had finished my own last-round game I flew from Amsterdam to Heathrow. There I was met by a BCF representative who gave me files on Nigel's opponents in the play-off. Two hours later I was in the air again bound for Zürich and then Biel.

The course of the play-off was as exciting as the tournament itself. If Nigel tied for first place, a formula in the tournament regulations implied that he would qualify, so he effectively had a half-point start on the other two. On my arrival in Biel I was dismayed to find that Nigel had lost to van der Wiel in the first game of the play-off, a heavy blow in such a short event. However he rebounded to beat Torre from a lost position, while Torre and van der Wiel drew. Thus after the first cycle the scoreboard read van der Wiel 1½, Short 1 and Torre 1/2. Although Nigel beat Torre again in the second cycle, he allowed van der Wiel to escape with a draw from a lost position. Fortunately Torre registered his first win of the play-off against van der Wiel, so with two-thirds completed, the scores of Short $2\frac{1}{2}$, van der Wiel 2 and Torre 1½ boded well for the final result, especially as Nigel needed only to tie for first.

Then disaster struck. In the crucial game between the two leaders, the Dutchman was two pawns down with a lost position, but managed to arrange a final desperate trap. Nigel fell right into it and was unexpectedly mated just when his Candidates' place seemed secure. Now van der Wiel took over the lead and if he could beat Torre he would guarantee an outright win in the play-off. This game proved to be a long and fluctuating affair, so much so that the very last game at Biel between Short and Torre had to be started while the previous one was still adjourned. The best we could hope for from the adjourned game was a draw, so Nigel had to win to keep his chances alive. In the tense circumstances the British player played an excellent positional game, surrounding a pawn and converting this into a win by accurate technique.

Now everything depended on Torre. Could the Filipino, although out of the competition himself, steer his adjourned game to a draw? In a thrilling climax van der Wiel marched his king up the board, but Torre managed to exchange off the Dutchman's last pawns to force a

Thus the six-week saga at Biel ended happily for Nigel Short and for British chess O





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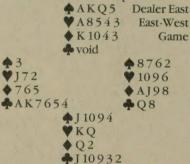


BRIDGE

Inspiration lacking

by Jack Marx

When bridge hands come up for discussion, there is usually an element of "what might have been". The final contracts on these hands were not exactly lay-down, but they all could be made with a little inspiration.



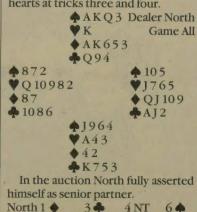
The auction featured the Roman Two Diamond opening for three-suited hands of 16 high-card points upwards. This convention, derived from an Italian club system, appealed to ambitious players and could be easily grafted on to other systems.

North $2 \spadesuit$ 3 \spadesuit (b) $4 \heartsuit$ (d) $6 \spadesuit$ South 2 NT (a) 3 \spadesuit (c) 5 \spadesuit (e) No

- (a) Forcing to game, 8 points upwards.
- (b) Short suit.
- (c) Fixing trumps.
- (d) Five-card suit, therefore void clubs. Hint of slam.
- (e) With fitting cards, only slightly rose-tinted view.

The club lead was ruffed in dummy, from which a small diamond was led. East could not gain by rushing up with his Ace, so declarer won with Queen and ruffed a second club. He now cashed his two heart honours and ruffed a third club, East shedding his last heart.

Declarer could now make only 11 tricks—eight separate trumps, two hearts and one diamond. If he had counted his possible tricks from the start, he might have realized the need for three tricks in hearts and therefore have cashed his two top hearts at tricks three and four.



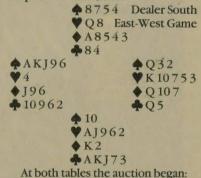
South 1 ♠ 4 ♣ 5 ♠ No
West led a trump and dummy won
two rounds. There followed Heart

King and two top diamonds, with a third diamond ruffed. With the Ace of Clubs lying over dummy's Queen, there were no longer the entries in dummy for the fourth diamond to be ruffed and dummy to be re-entered for drawing the last trump and enjoying the fifth diamond.

Here again, declarer seems to have made no adequate assessment of his potential tricks. It is prudent to assume that diamonds will break no better than 4-2 and two small diamonds must therefore be ruffed in hand. Eleven tricks can then be counted, including dummy's fifth established diamond. The 12th can only come from the club suit.

Proper timing requires a small club to be led from dummy at trick two; East cannot gain by hastily grabbing his Ace, so declarer wins with King. A small trump to a dummy drops East's Ten and two top diamonds are followed by a diamond ruff. Dummy is entered with Heart King, another diamond ruffed, Heart Ace cashed, small heart ruffed small in dummy, West's last trump drawn and dummy's diamond claimed.

This third hand comes from a Franco-American World Championship final in the 1970s.



South West North East
1 ♥ 1 ♠ No 2 ♠
3 ♣ No ?

The American North gloomily passed, but still could not register a plus score.

The French North with stronger nerves soared into Four Hearts, which South on a more inspired day might well have made, despite the trump break. South ruffed the second spade, took two top clubs and ruffed a small club with Heart Queen, overruffed by King. After ruffing a third spade, declarer might well have ruffed a fourth club with Heart Eight. If East overruffs, declarer's hand is high. If he does not, South takes King and Ace of Diamonds, ruffs a fourth spade with Heart Nine, and has now taken eight tricks with Ace and Jack of trumps to



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